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DE ROBERVAL,

A DRAMA;

ALSO

THE EMIGRATION OF THE FAIRIES,

AND

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY,

A ROMAUNT.

BY

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DE ROBERVAL.

A DRAMA.

BO

PREFACE.

THE first French colonization of Canada by the Chevalier JEHAN FRANÇOYS DE LA ROQUE, Seigneur of ROBERVAL, in Picardy, is interesting. His commissions (extant) from FRANCIS I give him authority as Lieutenant General of the King in Canada, Ochelaga, Saguenay, and countries adjacent. Little is known as to the details of his enterprise. Such incidents as have survived are embodied in the drama. So little is known of ROBERVAL himself that one THEVET, who professes to have known him personally, says he was assassinated "near the Innocents." It seems certain, however, that he perished at sea. I have endeavored to depict his character from the few traits of him left us by his contemporaries. The writer of the present drama suffers by not having access to any authorities beyond those in his own little library; yet he ventures a hope that the accessories are preserved, and that the tone is not inappropriate to the gay and chivalrous, but somewhat flippant, time of the First FRANCIS. It is unnecessary to add that the drama is not written for the stage.

HERNEWOOD, P. E. I.



DE ROBERVAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JEAN FRANÇOIS DE LA ROQUE, Sieur de ROBERVAL, a gentleman of Picardy, Viceroy and Lieutenant-General of King Francis I., commanding the expedition to Canada; called by Francis "the little king of Vimieu."

FRANCIS I, King of France.

MARGUERITE OF ANGOULESME AND VALOIS, Queen of NAVARRE, author of the "Heptameron;" sister of King Francis.

LORDS AND LADIES OF THE COURT.

PAUL D'AUXILLON, second in command of Canadian expedition.

JACQUES CARTIER, of St. Malo, Grand Pilot.

JEAN ALFONSE, of Saintonge, Pilot.

PONT BRIANT,	}	Gentlemen Adventurers.
DE BEAUREPAIRE,		
and others,		

MARGARET ROBERVAL, niece of the Viceroy.

OHNÁWA (swift brook), a girl of the Iroquois.

PASSEPARTOUT,	}	Valets.
PICOT,		

Gentlemen, priests, soldiers, savages, and minor personages.

Temp.—Francis I, A. D. 1542-4; afterwards Henry II, A. D. 1549. *Scene*—Alternately in France and Canada.

DE ROBERVAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MAY-DAY, A. D. 1542. The Court of France at Fontainebleau. Skirts of the forest ;
a fête. Courtiers and others.

1st Courtier. Come, let us imitate the peasantry.

2nd Court. Alas ! how can we ? We have no sabots,
No shepherds' crooks, no hats of oaten straw,
No rustic pipes of hollow elder stems,
No three-legged stools, no tubs, no tambourines.

Lady. No gilt-horned oxen to supply us cream.

2nd Lady. No pretty sheep, with curly silken hair,
And countenances like old Boisy nuns.

3rd Court. No land-tax, corvée, vingtième, grandes gabelles.

4th Court. No peasant traits but mirth and jollity.

1st Court. You, vicomte, are accomplished in all arts
Profane and sacred — most, from choice, profane, —
Trill us a catch appropriate to the time,
Trees, fountains, grass, blue sky, and May-Day buds,
And lords and ladies in their promenade
To welcome our Queen Marguerite back again,
I think 'tis full five years since she has shone
Here in her brother's Court as welcome star.

Vicomte. P' faith, the task is rather hard on me.
In college days the tutors of Vienne
Hammered on me as Charles Martell might,
But not one classic fable could beat in
Except the fable of Rogue Cupid's shafts.
A fable, did I say ? No fable there !
For I have seen young Eros' arrow shot
Straight from the little masquerader's bow
And hit the white butt of a maiden's breast
So full and fair the blood hath mantled up,
And in a blush betrayed the hidden wound.

1st Court. Say it in rhyme.

Vicomte.

LOVE, THE HUNTER.

Allay thy terror, flying heart,
All vain are thine attempts to hide,
Behind, before, and at thy side
The sly imp, Love, lurks with his dart.
A hunter he, and not a foe,
Although his shafts lay many low.

Come, cease thy trembling, timid heart,
Accept thy doom at Love's decree,
For true love dealeth leniently —
A sudden stroke, an instant smart,
And lo! the victim hath not swooned,
But kisses Love, and hugs the wound.

1st Courtier. Quite in the latest fashion of the Court.

2nd Court. There is a lad the Duke of Orleans has,
Eighteen years old or there or thereabouts,
Ronsard by name, who seems to me to have
A *souçon* of the gift of poesy.

Doctor of Sorbonne. Few gallants now who cannot rhyme a rhyme,
From seventeen up to seventy or beyond.
I much compassionate poor Erato
Invoked at all hours by the feeble brains
Of youths and dames thirsting for poetry,
Or for its substitute — smooth, infirm verse.
The French Muse is a fribble, curled and pied;
Her mincing lips speak no soul-rousing lays;
Epic is dead, dead since the Song of Roland.

A Court. Forfend an era that produces epics!

2nd Court. Our humourous Rabelais makes mock of verse,
Yet writes it, and abominably ill.

Doct. Sorb. Our portly doctor's wit outruns discretion,
He should remember that His Majesty
Has stood 'twixt him and charge of heresy.

Vicomte. Resolve me now a case of conscience, sir:
If, as is oft, I feel an inward void,
Craving, and want to speak in numbers' lines,

A longing towards a large infinity,
Tell me, this feeling, comes it from above,
Or is it instigation of the devil?

Doct. Sorb. The case is fairly put, and I opine,
Judging from the slight specimen I've heard,
That if you have a haunting, craving, need,
Inward propulsion to break forth in rhyme,
The inspiration, clearly, is not heaven's.

5th Court. "My heart pants like the hart for water-brooks"
Is all the order since Clément Marot
Adapted David's psalms to dolorous drones.

1st Court. Talk not of Marot nor of David's psalms,
We have a monarch minstrel of our own —
List to the latest sonnet by the King,
The name he gives it is

LE MAL D'AMOUR.

Love! thy pain is more extreme
Than those who know thee not may deem;
What in all else were transient care
Is fraught to lovers with despair:
Complaint and sorrow, tears and sighs,
A lover's restless life supplies;
But if a beam of joy arise
A moment ends his miseries.*

All. Neat, loyal, royal, and most Francisquesque.

2nd Court. Talking of Marot: dwells it in your minds,
Before the Switzer fanatics had got him,
That he could turn a very pretty stave,
And rhymed much to the Queen, his patroness?
Of course you know the lines both sweet and true,
"Entre autre dons de grâces immortelles."

3rd Court. I cannot say I do.

2nd Court. Then here they are —

*By Francis I, Louisa Stuart Costello's translation.

ON THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

'Mong her other gifts of living graces
 Her power of pen for wisdom and for wit
 Is such, surprised astonishment replaces
 One's sentiments, and one is lost in it;
 But when, besides the genius of her pen,
 Her sweet voice aids our senses to enthrall,
 One can but blush in wonderment, and then
 One wonders one should feel surprise at all.*

A Court. Stilted somewhat; but true as verity.

Enter two Courtiers, meeting.

1st. Hast heard the latest scandal?

2nd. Tell it me.

1st (whispers). That tale is from the cent nouvelles Nouvelles.

(They pass.)

Enter Dowager M^{de}. Loyse de Daillon, with a bevy of young ladies, promenading.

M^{de}. Loyse. Yes, my dear girls, our gay and gallant King

Is the first sovereign of the realm of France
 Who has had ladies' presence at his Court
 To chasten and refine society.

In Louis Orleans' time there were a few,
 A circle rather limited, but when
 The T^heventh Louis sat upon the throne
 No modest woman dared to show her face
 Beyond her castle walls—a dreadful time.

Young Lady. I'm glad I did not live in Louis' reign.

M^{de}. Loyse. You would not be a maid now if you had.

But, girls, not all the ladies here are nice;
 There is that brazen creature, La Fosseuse—
 A thorn indeed in poor Queen Marguerite's heart;
 If I had been the Queen I would have beat her.

Young Lady. A horrid fright, whatever did she do?

M^{de}. Loyse. She tried to steal rough Henri Albret's love,
 That bearish King. I would not for Navarre,
 And all the Basque and Biscay given to boot,
 Have such a husband, and our Marguerite

*By Clément Marot.

Suffered in silence, though she felt it much.
 But let us take this allée if it leads
 To the Masque coming off. Ah, there it is.

(They pass.)

MASQUE.

A dais of State for the King, two Queens, and members of the Royal House; fronting which a raised platform, valanced to conceal the machinery beneath; the surface being a stage covered with bluish-green velvet to represent the sea, from which the characters rise. Figures of the nine Muses at the edge of the stage, leaving the front open. The whole roofed in with a gold-edged crimson canopy, supported on a trellis of gilt spears, and surmounted with the arms of France, Portugal and Navarre.

Musicians under the leadership of Clement Jannequin, who also act as chorus, disguised in heraldic shapes as griffins, wyverns, chimeras, unicorns, sagittarii, hommes sauvages, demi-femmes, etc., crawl from under the platform and surround it on three sides.

Instrumental Overture.

Chorus. On high Olympus, etc.

JULIUS CÆSAR rises.

I do not know this land. Can this be Gaul
 That I subjected to the Roman thrall?
 Why from black Styx do you my ghost recall?
 Farewell, brave chieftains and fair ladies all.

Julius Cæsar sinks. Symphony.

CHARLEMAGNE rises, crowned.

I know this land! It is my very own,
 Its founder I, and I its Emperor known,
 Though o'er my bones at Aix have centuries flown,
 And my successor yet will reign upon
 The German, Spanish, French and Lombard throne.

Charlemagne sinks, to music.

ST. DENIS rises, armed cap-a-pie.

Already once I rose from death, pardie,
 And led the Christian hosts 'gainst paynimrie;
 So from my grave again, when time shall be,
 I'll rise and lead fair France's chivalrie.

St. Denis sinks. Music and chorus.

Pale Ghosts of armed warriors rise, bearing a crown which they offer to
 King Francis.

We are pale Ghosts of warriors of pur sang,
 Who guard the triple crown of Charlemagne.

Ghosts sink.

Neptune, with trident, rises, accompanied by nude girl-children representing sea-babes, and bearing a gilded galley in shape of a nautilus, which they lay at the feet of Queen Eleanor (of Portugal), wife of Francis I.

Gift of the Sea and Oceanides

To the crowned daughter of the realm of seas.

They sink.

The Goddess FLORIDA rises in an islet of flowers, attended by nude boys winged like cupids, and bearing a chaplet of white daisies intertwined with pearl, which they place on the head of Queen Marguerite of Navarre.

Accept sea-beads and purest garden sweets,

O fleur des perles and perle des marguerites.

They sink.

Enter, from opposite sides, JOVE and GOD the Father. As they enter, a shower of arrows, tipped with fire, is shot off on Jove's side to indicate thunderbolts; on God's side a flight of white and blue doves. Jove speaks:

Not long aforetime earth and heaven were mine,

And all men did adore me as Divine;

But the old Gods die out, and I resign

And abdicate my power to the Benign.

Jove fades. The Father extends his wings in the attitude of benediction, and fades from view.

HERESY rises as a negro, in a black Geneva cap and gown; is surrounded by devils in red, who flog him with whips of scorpions, amid much laughter and applause. Sinks in a flame of fire.

Dance of Nymphs and Satyrs to barbaric music. Scene closes.

Courtier. What think you of this pleasant mystery?

2nd Court. A mixture of the sacred and profane.

Female Bohemian passes, playing on a mandolin.

Court. I know that strain, it is a Moorish air
 Begotten where they never felt a frost.
 I will put words to it such as they'd sing
 Above the vine line on the Vosges Hills.

RAIN OF ROSES.

As I looked through my window pane

Of olive-green stained glass

I beheld, yes I did! a rain

Of snow piled on the grass,

"Why this is a marvel," cried I,

"Sure the time of snow has gone by."

Out to my garden green
I rushed with my head all bare,
And, what do you think? a sheen
Of rose leaves feathered the air,
Falling down soft in a shower
On the fountain and jessamine bower.

Now, whence did these rose leaves come?
I never yet knew for sure,
Perhaps from a whirlwind's hum,
Or a leak in the blue heaven's floor,
Or anywhere else one supposes.
But it rained, and the rain was roses.

Enter a Bearwarden with three Bears.

B'ward. Gentles, these are the highly cultured beasts.

Court. Have they been circumcised, or eke baptized?
And have their god-fathers bestowed them names?

B'ward. The Mister, Mees and Hombré are they called.

Court. Which is the Hombré?

B'ward. The ragged one. Mees is a she bear.

Court. (aside). Mary of Hungary.

B'ward. The Mister's given name is Hal, because
His paunch is mighty and his manner bluff.
This tawny one is known, for short, as Orange.
Up, monsters!

Bears stand up and dance.

2nd Court. What pleasant countenances. I think the Mister
Has the Elector of Saxony's phiz.

3rd Court. All have the Hapsburg brutal underlip.

4th Court. Rather the English jowl; 'tis all the same.

1st Court. There's a coranto coming soon wherein
Our Cock of France will lead them such a dance.

Exeunt Bearwarden and Bears.

Court. What shall we do? We have seen everything.
How most depressing to attend a fête;
One cannot all day long absorb dry wines,

Nor stuff one's self for hours with sugared cates;
 One's legs grow feeble with one's complaisance,
 And talk prolonged may end in idiocy.
 Naught else is left to try; let us play bowls.

2nd Court. Were I a monk I'd preach a homily
 Better than Gesta Romanorum tale
 On the similitude of bowls to fate;
 For every man sets up a special jack
 And hopes to keep it covered from attack —
 When, lo! the thunderous ball comes rolling in,
 And, when least looked for, knocks it out of time:
 Thus is it with the rolling balls of fate,
 They smite and spin our cherished jack-bowls. *Dixi!*

3rd Court. Your moral lecture probes one to the soul;
 Meantime, come knock about the spheres. *Marchons!*
Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Same Day. Palace of Fontainebleau. A salon opening from the Gallery of the Odyssey. Queen Marguerite of Navarre, Ladies, Francis I., Courtiers, Roberval. In a group that takes no part in the dialogue, Eleanor of Portugal, wife of Francis I.

1st Courtier (in Gallery). This gallery, when completed, will be grand.

2nd Court. Rather narrow.

3rd Court. Look at its length. A man
 In its far vista seems a popinjay.
 Grand it should be. The best Italian art
 Lavished on it. Pity the artisans
 Should quarrel so, and be so dilatory.

2nd Court. These artist men are not reliable:
 There was the tailor.

1st Court. Del Sarto?

2nd Court.

Truly, yes.

That snip from Florence behaved shamefully.
I've heard the old men tell of it. He fled,
And pocketed large sums entrusted him
For the buying of antiques.

1st Court.

Granted so,

And yet that masterpiece of "Charity,"
And the grand "Virgin with the Holy Child,"
Here in the Gallery, do counterweigh
More, much more than the pelf he bolted with.

2nd Court.

How can these artists, in themselves, may be,
Base, sordid, dissolute, have such high dreams—
Such glimpses of the inner world of heaven,
And with mere brush and color reproduce,
So that men gaze in wonderment and awe?

1st Court.

Being nor saint nor artist, I can't say.

Lady (in Salon).

Observe that cavalier who pensive looks,
As if his mistress had forsaken him.

2nd Lady.

That is DeLorge, hero of the lion,
And of a vain coquette's embroidered glove.

1st L. What glove? what lion?

2nd L.

Know ye not the tale?

A damsel whom he favored cast her glove
Into the King's black Afric lion's den.
DeLorge leaped o'er the barrier, brought the glove,
And cast it with contempt in her fair face.
The King said, pithily: "It was mere vanity,
Not love, that set that hard task to humanity." *

1st L. I should say with the King,—a vain coquette.

3rd L. I saw to-day a lovely orfevre,

'Twas a gold beetle, with rose pearls for eyes,
Its horns were rubies, its legs brilliants,
And on its back a naked cupid sat
Winged with two emeralds. The sweetest thing

* Robert Browning.

4th L. Look at this medal from Cellini's hand,
 A very charming Ariadne's head.
 The deft Italian sculptures rather well.

Queen Marguerite. Marquis, I think your hilt is of his work?

Marquis. Madame, it is. It shows the Twelve Apostles,
 Unbuckles sword.

Q. Marg. Why the Apostles on a rapier hilt?

Marquis. Madame, recall: 'Tis said in Holy Writ
 They came not to send peace on earth, but sword.
 This is the sword.

Q. Marg. I love to see a sword,
 Yet have I seen too much the hurt it does.

Marquis. The fashion now is well-appointed blades.
 Those foreign artists take good care of that:
 The King of France is to them — Providence.

Q. Marg. And stretching far. Among his latest gifts
 The King, my brother, sent a golden chain
 To Pierre Aretin.

Lady. A sad mocker.

2nd Lady. Yet he wrote "Tears of Angels."

3rd Lady. How sweetly
 Come through these windows dainty orange scents!
 Such a fair day, a day so balmy fresh,
 Makes one wish to be out-of-doors; one longs
 To spend the hours in Queen Pampinea's Court,
 In a garden scarce a league from Florence,
 As told so charmingly by Jean Boccace.

Q. Marg. — or French Decameron. Primaticcio
 Shall paint one with his most attractive touch;
 The scene, we'll say Our Lady's of Serrance;
 Foreground, a meadow by the River Gave,
 Where the turf is so soft and delicate
 It wants no carpet, and the trees so dense

That from the sun one needs no canopy ;
 Where, on the boughs, day long, the small birds chirp,
 And all the brief night sings the nightingale.
 What says our Nomerfide ? *

Marguerite de France. Her Majesty
 Queen Parliamente should better know than I.

Q. Marg. And Ennaenite ?

Anne de Vivonne. She thinks it would be nice
 If one were Parliamente, who, as you know,
 Is ever cheerful, never melancholy.

Q. Marg. Fairly tilted, my sweet Ennasuite.
 For gallants, — let us see ? —

Madame de Chastillon. Say Saffredent,
 And Geburon, and Dagoucin, and one
 Simontault, who in utmost honor dares
 To raise his eyes to her who wears a crown.

Q. Marg. Do not forget the pious dame, Osille.
King Francis passes.

K. Francis. Fair ladies, it would seem that ladies' talk
 Is mystic as the Delphic oracle.
 What say you, Nicolas ?

Nicolas the Tutor. I say, sire, horses of the Arab sands,
 Or unicorns with horns a cubit long
 Should not extract from me the merry quip,
 That is to say, if I knew what it were.

Ladies exchange smiles.

Q. Marg. François, my brother, ladies oft weave plots
 Deep, but less guileful than the King's bureau.
 His Majesty, my brother, doth not know
 Nor need to know,
 Save that this is not a conspiracy.

K. Francis. Sweet sister, if it be conspiracy
 It is between the muses and yourself,
 We know your lettered cabals very well,

* For explanation, see the *Heptameron*, by Marguerite herself.

Nor even is this special mystery
 So much unknown to us as you may deem;
 If happy enough we ever be to shed
 Some lustre on the land bequeathed to us,
 A great and shining glory of our reign
 Will be our sister.

PASSES.

Q. Marg.

Dear François.

And now —

But stay, who comes? the Viceroy Roberval.

A Lady.

Hath he forgiven that silly niece of his?

2nd Lady.

His niece? I think not. He has heart of bronze.

3rd Lady.

Tell me, my dear, quick, who is that fine man?

4th Lady.

My love, I do not keep a list of men.

But which one? where?

3rd Lady.

Have you no eyes, my dear?

Now speaking to the King.

Old General.

Man from Burgoyne —

Bearing despatches — goes with Roberval.

5th Lady.

Who else goes with the little Chevalier?

Old Gen.

Many go with him. His Lieutenant, — hum,
 Good man, — is Paul d'Auxillon de Sanneterre,

5th Lady.

Sans terre?

Old Gen.

Santerre in Carcassonne.

Roberval approaches.

Roberval.

Lady, receive my devoirs. Woe is me!
 This is my last glimpse of the Court's fair heaven
 For many long years, or perhaps for aye.

Q. Marg.

Go you so soon to the far savage land?

Rob.

A few days see me sail from La Rochelle.

A Lady.

Have you room for a lady volunteer?
 Methinks I would delight to sail the seas
 Far to the sunset, and there ever dwell.

Rob.

Would it might be! but, if we hear aright,
 The land is not yet fit for angel's home.

Q. Marg. Gold grows there, I am told, and gems, they say,
And curl-lipped shells, and yellow fragrant amber,
And all the riches of the Spaniards' Ind.

Rob. These treasures yet have to be sought and found ;
But it has wild beasts clad in furry robes,
That, stripped and dressed, may serve to deck a queen.
Madame, I hope to lay these at your feet.

1st Lady. Ermine ?

2nd Lady. Ermine, of course.

3rd Lady. Lions ?

4th Lady. Tigers ?

Q. Marg. Perhaps among them striped Hyrcanian bears.

Rob. Madame, you shall have an Hyrcanian bear
If such grows in the bounds of my domain ;
Or, if you would prefer some brown-skinned boys,
I will set springes for them.

A Lady. Yes, some boys,
Small savages, like copper Mercuries ;
What pretty pages they would make for one !

Q. Marg. Chevalier, your gallant enterprise
Will much redound to the fair fame of France.
So I will, ere your ships set sail for sea,
Send to you, as the King my brother's friend,
A little etching, as a souvenir,
Of my poor visage in a Bearnese cap.
Good wishes. And adieu.

Rob. While I have life,
'Twill need no souvenir to bear in mind
The Queen and Pearl of France and of Navarre.
Kisses Queen's hand, and exit.

Admiral and Chancellor talk apart.

Admiral. This force with Roberval can ill be spared,
We shall have need of all our strength anon,
Besides, I disbelieve in colonies ;
A foray on an enemy is well,

Or if we knew of Ophirs and Perus
 'Twould be legitimate to swoop on them;
 But this rude country they call Canada
 Is but a barren waste, and valueless.
 However, 'tis His Majesty's command.

Chancellor. I know that it has strained the treasury,
 And emptied a long row of leather bags;
 But I am the King's servant. Time will tell.

Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Same day. Fontainebleau. A terrace. Roberval walks apart, to him Bishop
 Duch'uel, King Francis I.'s Librarian.

Bishop. A gorgeous scene is this, Sir Chevalier.

Rob. A tailor would approve it more than I.
 This blaze of silk and laces much suggests
 The awakened innocence of Adam and Eve
 When they grew suddenly aware and said
 "Lo, we lack fig-leaves."

Bp. The King of Vimieux 'mong the moralists!
 It must be change of moon.

Rob. About half moon;
 But even half-wit may suffice to know
 Of all the trials of the episcopate,
 The hardest is to suppress its little joke.

Bp. (laughing softly.) Your wit is caustic, Monsieur de Roberval;
 But I assent. Fair hit.

Rob. Yes, I suppose it comes
 Within the current nature of all things
 That we, mere soldiers, as our days slip by
 Become a little rusty. It strikes me
 We live now at the juncture of two times,
 Two eras — cultures, worlds, or what you will.

This present age we live in we know well,
 A world hard, selfish, open in its wrong,
 Stiff-necked perhaps, not on the whole unsound.
 But men and things are changing day by day
 So rapidly, no day is like the last.
 In our Italian campaigns we learned ill, —
 Women and squalling eunuchs elbow us,
 Abbeys with general's pay are given to fee
 Menders of broken pots and image vendors,
 And all is changed since Bayard's chivalric time,
 That Bayard from whose most reproachless sword
 The King himself took knighthood.
 New tawdry foreign modes have given new birth,
 Well called Renaissance, to this age of ours;
 Although it seems to me not like a birth
 In which the growing life wholesomely expands
 And bodes mature and lusty coming manhood;
 Rather it seems as if the stalwart State
 Were growing feverish, and sickening out
 Into a delicacy that is not health,
 But whitening of the liver and the brain.
 What change of manners may come by and by
 I know not, and shall not be here to see.
 If I know anything of governing men,
 It well may be that time will substitute
 For roughness, fraud; for plainness, equivoke;
 For strength, deceit; for health, corruption;
 For loyalty, rank treason.
 And yet we say 'tis the renaissance
 Of the blind mental baby we call man.

Bp. You speak well, Chevalier, and with forecast keen
 Of the sure tendency of this dangerous age.
 It is the lesson of all history
 That luxury's increase hastens decadence:
 Greed, envy, hatred, guile, become ferocious;
 The mob upheaves, a social contest comes,
 The natural governing orders go to the wall;
 Society gangrenes and disintegrates.
 Monsieur knows it was so in Greece and Rome?

Rob. My reading somewhere speaks of perished Gods
As well as peoples.

Bp. Impious idols all !
The Church, my friend, is quite another thing.
Men destroy, it rebuilds. States die, it lives ;
And from its over-life rise other States.
For 'midst the hottest, fierce terrestrial fires,
Even should the liquid all-pervading flames
Rise, pyramid-pointed, as they rose o'er Troy,
Chastened, not 'minished, purer, more refined,
It stands, *nec tamen consumebatur*.

Rob. So be it; yet I like not this renaissance,
And, if it please God and good St. Riquier,
A stout prohibitory tariff shall
Exclude from the New France I mean to found
All but the fashions of Old Picardie.

Bp. In no hands could the trust be better placed.
And now, my son, pray lend a lenient ear,
While in my office I assume to plead
The sufferings of a most afflicted lady —
Margaret, your once-loved niece. That she has erred
Is not to be denied, but she is young,
And youth's main faults are of the blood, not brain.
In which case 'tis not hard to palliate.
She was but little more than a mere child
When, stung by some small necessary restraint,
She fled for sympathy to one whose heart
She deemed was her's because he had her own.
Wrong, very wrong! But she knew not the world;
She was not long out of her convent school,
And her fond fancy made her friend her hero,
And built for him a shrine to worship in,
Setting him up above all earthly good.
Repentance now hath come. She sees her fault,
And finds her idol was but partly clay,
Yet will not from pedestal cast him down.
She begs to be forgiven, prays for your love ;
Or, if love be withheld, craves your consent

To honorably wed her heart's one mate.
 For him : he is not of the people, though
 His blood be not so rich and blue as her's
 Yet 'tis of good account, but your displeasure —
 I say not 'tis unmerited — proscribes
 Him from all profitable use and venture
 In this our worldly and rank-haunting land.
 Restore them your forgiveness, and thereby
 Open the way for honorable employment
 To him to whom she gave her maiden heart,
 So that the girl herself may lift her head
 From her abasement, and be yet received
 In the full ordinance of Holy Church.
 This I beg of you — chiefly as a friend,
 But partly as director.

Rob. Lord Bishop, I have heard you patiently.
 It is the clergy's mission to pray heaven
 To blot the record of repentant sinners,
 Re-ope the sheep-fold and invite them in ;
 But as all laymen have their favorite faults,
 So have I mine ; and, leaving out of count
 The trifle of a touch of vanity,
 A little hastiness, some arrogance,
 Besides the failings that are almost graces,
 My most besetting sin is pride of name.
 My niece hath wounded, unforgivably,
 The honor of her house.
 I, as that house's head, will not defile
 The ashes of my ancestry, nor pardon
 Her who debases them by mesalliance,
 Nor give consent to my name's ignominy, —
 Before high heaven the vow is registered.

Bp. Full power is given to me to loose from oath
 That kept, in sight of heaven, were plighted sin.

Rob. Forbear to weary heaven on my account.
 For him, her paramour, if ere he meet
 Me in his path, I'll lay my order by
 And execute his death with mine own hand ;

His blood shall wash her honor's stain away.
As she hath made her bed so shall she lie.

Bp. If our kind King should ask it as a boon?

Rob. Francis is gentleman, and will not ask.

Bp. (angrily). And do I live to hear a Christian man
Thus take the discipline from Church's hands,
And sit in judgment on her erring ones!
Deprive them of her ordinance, put beyond
Their power confession and due penitence,
And consequent remission from their sin!
O, what a dulling thing is absolute power,
That with a word a man condemns his fellows
To toil and trouble, danger, solitude,
Remorse, despair, not for a year or two,—
Though that were punishment—but beyond time!
Wer't even a little while, say seven years—
A full tithe of the longest promised life—
Bethink, were one or both, nay three, to die
And go to their account in unshriven sin,
That you would have a single, double, triple
And sacrilegious murder on your soul!
The spirit moves me, by my humble lips,
But full inspired by power of prophecy,
To warn you, ruthless soldier, godless man,
What to yourself may hap in seven years!
In that time on your head may vengeance fall,
That date may be the crisis of your fate,
The very end of your ambitious schemes,
Unless, forthwith, you do revoke this doom,
And give these souls back to their waiting Mother.
Beware! Recall! And this I charge to you,
As you yourself in day of misery
Would find remede.
Implacable? No blessing can befell
The Colony under such man as you.

Rob. My deeds are mine. For them responsible
Unto my Sovereign only.

Bp.

And to God.

Rob. When He doth question, I will answer it.

Exit Bishop. Enter Paul D'Auxillon.

D'Auxillon. What says our worthy Bishop of seven years?
 Where shall we all be in that length of time?
 We may be dead, he canonised.

Rob.

D'Auxillon,

In less than seven years all shall see a flag
 Of rising empire o'er the Atlantic wave,
 Whose glory, growing greater day by day
 In width and magnitude, shall far outshine
 The petty thrones of Europe;
 And you and I will build the substance of it.

D'Aux.

Go to. I am with thee.

Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Next day. Roberval in his cabinet, walking thoughtfully.

Rob. (solus). Now, Jean de Roque, your fate is at the full:
 Fortune and risk have answered to your call,
 The rest is in God's hands and in your own.
 Had Alexander, that old Grecian king,
 Been given the chance that I have now to-day,
 He need not, womanly, have spiteful wept
 Because there were no other worlds to steal;
 Had he but fitted out a quinquere, me,
 And through the gates of Hercules daring steered
 Westward, until he reached the then world's edge,
 Or till he made the shores of golden Ind;
 Or, being in Ind, had he but boldly sailed
 East, towards sunrise, till he reached the West,
 He might have saved all his ambitious tears.
 Ambitious! aye, a good word is *Ambition*,
 It means an overmastering desire

Conjoined with an intention to excel.
 Excel in what ? in what one deems most good.
 Men of my race have ever set their good
 In stainless honor — such be my ambition.
 A right ambition seeks not laud from men,
 Its end arrived at is its meet reward.
 Mine be a pure and passionless ambition
 To do as, time since, brave Columbus did;
 I'll add to France a newer, vaster France,
 Nor touch the personal power that I might grasp;
 Blotted from life, my name be gibbeted
 With Ganelon's and foul Iscariot's names
 If but a shadowy thought should e'er besmirch
 The trust that France and Francis place in me.
 Yet could I frame wild possibilities.
 Once more let me peruse the route.

(Seats himself at a table and examines charts. Enter King Francis.)

(*Rising in surprise.*) Your Majesty!

K. Francis.

I've found your quarters out.

So, you are poring o'er those new sea-charts;
 Vague yet, of course. Cartier draws rather well,
 Although he puts but few names on his plans.
 I see you have written there the words "New France"
 In letters covering three thousand miles.
 Be it. Ere long the facts shall make it truth.
 Be seated.

(*They sit.*)

Are you ready to set sail?

Rob. A week hence, from Rochelle.

K. Francis.

Good. It is well.

All your commissions have been signed and sealed;
 The Chancellor has issued warrants, powers,
 And formal orders from the Admiralty.
 You have them?

Rob.

All.

K. Francis.

So much for the bureau.

Hear me explicitly now state my views.
 And *firstly*: This new Colony is penal.

All grades and shades of sinners heretofore
Have been looked on as irreclaimable.
I now will try another policy.
A new time has arisen. I foresee
Crimes will be done with less of brutal force,
And more of danger to the common weal —
Fraud will supplant more open violence,
And justice must look more before she leaps;
Perhaps our present criminal code may be
Vindictive rather than reformatory.
Of course there are grave crimes, as heresy,
Leze-majesté, coining and the like,
The which, for high State reasons, must be met
With the full weight of punishment at home.
Offenders of the ordinary class
Shall be given one more chance to mend their lives
By annual jail delivery throughout France.
This raw material shall be sent to you;
Put them to serviceable uses, make them
Hewers of wood, drawers of water, thus
They may in time be rehabilitated.

Rob. It is benevolently ordered, Sire.

K. Francis. *Second :* As to the products of the land —
Certainly rich furs; perhaps the metals
(Though there is no assurance of these last),
All these, of course, you will export to us.

Rob. With deference, Sire, I fear so new a land
Will, for a certain time, be unproductive.

K. Francis. Tush! we are not traders.

In third place :

This, our old France, requires its revenues,
Leaving for pensions less than we could wish
To private soldiers who have served in war;
This shall be remedied by grants of land.
These military settlers are a class
That you must liberally deal withal,
Let each of them possess a home and hearth;

Men's homes are patriotism, and hearthstones
Are the foundations of all loyalty.
Be kind to my old comrades, Chevalier.

Rob. With a full heart will I fulfill this trust.
These views, your Majesty, I long have held;
They were the basis of the power of Rome.

K. Francis. *Fourthly:* This new found land is mine own fief,
Direct from God, to hold by land and sea.
It hath a harvest in its water-depths;
Its green waves are alive with fish that swim —
Seal, macceraus, tunny, salmons, baccalore,
With birds whose feathers will be golden fleece.
No one but I shall reap that water field —
That sailor nursery! for there is where
Our hardy Bretons shall acquire the skill
To fight the waves ere time shall come to fight
Galleons and treasure carracks on the deep.
None shall intrude there! None! See to it well.
No foreign hoy shall dare to wet a keel,
Nor one fish-poacher drop a herring-hook.

Rob. Such will be likely from Biscayan ports.

K. Francis. These points bear well in mind.

Now, look you, sir!

Borgia, the Pope, who was made arbiter
Of the partition of the unknown seas,
Ran a pretended sole dividing line
Between the Spaniard and the Portuguese,
And quite forgot to leave a slice for France.
Good Father Adam's will doth not read so.
The time, at length, has come for me and you
To cut a cantle out for France's share,
And abrogate that partial medial line.
Take notice! your sole boundaries are — your will
And military strength to hold them good;
For this new world, though large as is the old,
Is not too large to lie beneath one sway;
There is not room in it at all for Spain.

Where in this land these robber Spaniards are
We know not, but they are nowhere in force;
They may be far or near to Canada.
In this new, mighty world there certainly
Must be great water-courses — Danubes, Rhines —
To serve as highways all throughout the land.
Harry the outposts of these brigand dons!
Fit out flotillas in your land of wood,
Drop on them with the current of the streams,
Burn, sink, destroy! then will *I* strike a stroke
That will undo all that Columbus did,
And some one else than Spain shall reign in Ind:
Which brings us to our subject. Mark me well!
John Verrazano sailed five hundred leagues
Northward from near the line of equinox,
And diligently scoured the whole coast edge,
Yet found no break nor inlet of account.
Observe this *mappe-monde* drawn by the own hand
Of Leonard Vinci, the artilleryman,
From the log of Americus Vespuce.
See, *here* is open sea that leads to Ind:
In my new France *must* be the channel-way
That forms the passage to the golden East.
This Gulf, you call St. Lawrence, stretches wide;
Its coast line has been scanned, but not explored,
Yet we know it has inlets and deep bays
Running for leagues and splitting up the land.
One of these is the gate. Be your's the task
To enter through that gate and find the way;
For, after all, the world is very small —
Eight thousand leagues, or less, around its waist
(And Cathay lies not half that length away),
A six months' voyage westward by the sea.
Find me this passageway, and, hear me swear,
Foi de gentilhomme, I'll make you king
Of one of the best countries of the West.
The ancient kingdom of my crippled France
Shall swell into an empire, with its States
Governed by subject-kings who shall have brains

Not like that quasi-German boar of Spain,
Or that dull dolt our brother of Navarre.
Find me this passage, Vimieux, and a king
In deed, as well as name, you sure shall be.

Rob. Your Majesty, I have myself thought so ;
Here is an inlet called Le Saguené,
That, 'tween two gates like those of Hercules,
Seems with a channel to divide the land.

K. Francis. Pass through it Roberval, and meet the sun !
That is the highway of the radiant East ;
It must be, and my dream is all fulfilled.

And now, a secret for your private ear :
I am on edge of a great war again.
This little Charles grows intolerable.
Now, mark me, sir ! five years have yet to run
Of the peace pusillanimously imposed
By that most venerable soft, Pope Paul,
In terror lest I should let loose the Turks.
Ha ! ha ! events oft reproduce themselves.
Are we not Christian King as Charles was ?
(Our ancestor, not this Don Austrian)
Yet he made compact with the Turcomans.
Par foy, 'twould take me little to let swoop
Upon Spain's shores the fleets of Solyman !
Meantime, the little Charles is asleep,
Dreaming of five years' slumber yet to come.
Charlemagne left his empire to my trust,
To have and hold and fill its lines again,
With capital at Paris, not at Aix ;
Had it not been for traitor Ganelon,
Ere now there would have been no Pyrenees.
If we can cut the Spaniard's gold mines off,
And have in New France a sea-hornets' hive
To sting his ships, I undertake to take
Myself the field, let fly the oriflamme,

*Rob**K. F*

And through the Basque and mountain passes pour
In strength to reach Madrid, to seize and hold
Castile and Leon — lost by Charlemagne,
And sweep down to the rock of Gib el Tar;
Stir up the fens of Flanders, wake Burgoyne,
Rouse up against him Moriscoes and Turks,
And put an end to the proud Spanish sway.
By heaven! the very thought makes my veins throb,
And sounds sing in my ears like swish of rain;
I only wait ostensible pretext.
Meantime, I have five armies well equipped,
Nearly provisioned, and exactly trained,
Which, when I blow my trumpets, shall break loose
On five most vulnerable points at once —
Five thunderbolts shall smite his double crown.
For you, my Roberval, your mission is
Across the sea, but I may need your aid,
And if I should I'll send for you again.

Rob. My Gracious Master, my poor life is yours.
Let me remain. Send Cartier or D'Auxillon
To teach this infant Colony its steps.
My place is at your side — your glory mine —
Retain me for old cameraderie.

K. Francis. No, my tried servant. Your good faith I know,
Your valor and discretion. Now, obedience.
For other things:
We all of us respect the Holy Church,
None more than I. You, therefore, have with you
A full and competent religious staff,
Whose mission is, besides care of your souls,
To, if they can, convert the savages;
Use you this staff judiciously and well
To strengthen and consolidate your power,
As well beseems, for that a State-paid Church
Should be a powerful prop to Christian king.
You will permit no heresy.

Last word:
There must be ranks in all Society,

Yet these young gallants of good family,
 Who join in your adventure but in play,
 Will be least manageable. They have been spoiled
 By women, wine and wassail, and the peace
 That for three years has somnolised the land;
 Promise them seigneuries, keep them employed,
 And give them taste of fighting now and then,
 For youth prefers to live, not vegetate.
 Do this, and they will answer to your call,
 For the good reason they are gentlemen.
 Have I ought more to say? No; that is all.
 The power of life and death is in your hands,
 I have conviction you will use it well.
 Remember, Jean!

And now embrace thy friend,
 No less than Sovereign.

Rob. (in tears). God save thee, François, for the noblest King
 That ever sat upon the Gallic throne.

Scene closes.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Scene changes to La Rochelle. A street. Passepartout, a valet to Roberval, passes;
 meets Picot, an ex-servant.

Passepartout. Do I see a revenant? Picot's ghost!
 'Tis he, in most dilapidated shape—
 Unwashed, unfrizzled, squalid, shabby, lean;
 Take off thy rags that I may count thy bones.
 Ex-valet,—what art doing to thyself?

Picot. I am starving.

Passe. Relate me thy mishaps.

Pic. I took light service with a little Marquis,
To tie his cravat, set his wig aright,
And truss his points. It grew monotonous;
And so one evening, I, without his leave,
Borrowed my master's name and gold-laced suit
To pay my court to la belle Gabrielle;
My affair was prospering, when the chamber-groom
Announced the Marquis de la Casserole.
"What two of them?" cried my host, and kicked me out.

Passe. It was most inconsiderate in the Marquis.

Pic. Thus, driven by the cruel shafts of fate,
I took new service with Vicomte Varenne;
He was a miser, with a tradesman's soul,
And kept his caskets locked. I felt the affront,
And left him.

Passe. Self-respect required it.

Pic. The next I honored with my services
Was a mere Baron from the Provinces:
Much too free with his cane, but otherwise
Endurable when sober, which was rare;
A bully ran him through. I sold his mails,
And left, but did not mention my address.

Passe. No one who prizes valets' privilege
Could have done less.

Pic. For full three months or more
I gaily lived upon my perquisites,
Calling myself De Pique, a younger son
Whose family had been wiped out in wars;
Ruffled and gamed, and had good fortunes too,
Until one night a most unpolished clown
Found the dice loaded. I was set upon
And beaten to a jelly, and thrust out.
This was another cruel stroke of fate.

Passe. None of us can escape our destiny.

Pic. Thereafter I demeaned myself to live
In families of citizens, but—ah—

Their habits were repugnant, and their women —
 Really — ah — so lacked the refinèdness,
 The spirituality, the *sais pas quoi*,
 It caused me to retire to private life.
 Such private life agrees but ill with me.
 The business of eau sucré is genteel,
 Ripe-roasted chestnuts pay a dividend,
 And some men have grown rich by rabbit skins;
 But all these callings smack too much of trade,
 I could not stoop to anything so low,
 So, naturally, I preferred to starve.

Passe. Fortune hath turned her wheel. Thine hour is come.
 Henceforth *I* am thy patron. Mark me, man!
 Thou art my chattel — mine — my brindled ass,
 My beast of burden on whose back shall lie
 All my transgressions; my love emissary,
 My pimp, my go-between; and in return,
 Our noble Viceroy, for mere form's sake,
 Shall pay thee stealings, wage, and perquisites,
 Together with the creditable rank
 Of second personal valet under me.

Pic. Good; I accept the service. Is it true
 We sail to-morrow for another land?

Passe. True as evangile. Sing *laus Deus* thou!
Pic, thou shalt pick up gold. Meantime, my friend,
 Go seek an unclean Jew and get thee clothes,
 Wash well thy face, anoint thy mad dog's mane.
 Here is the means. Coin grows on trees just now.
 Meet me at noon; and here is thy first message:
 Take me this letter to the Ursulines,
 And ask for Madame Margaret —

Pic. So, is it!
 Will nothing less than convents serve thy turn?

Passe. Peace, fool! Know she is a noble lady.

Pic. And doubtless young.

Passé.

'Tis but our chief's address,
Which it imports her much just now to know.
Truly, when I reflect what knave thou art,
I'll find another messenger.

Enter an old man.

One of our Colonists, old Father Adam.
What, ho ! Jacques Bontemps, art with us for sea ?

Old Man.

Aye, my fine gentleman, please God, I go ;
I've sold my lands my sires held many a year —
Four measured arpents of rare cider trees ;
I've got the money in my pouch, God wot.
My son Pierre goes too — an honest lad,
Besides my grandson, little Pierrot.
Across the sea I am to get a farm,
Longer in length than Maître Durand's meadow.
Aye, aye, I'll plant it for my little lad,
And we'll drink cider when he grows up man.
I've sold my lands, and have my moneys here.

Passé.

My aged sire, better lay out thy means
In comforts for thy poor rheumatic limbs.
In this new country we are going to
There is no use for coin — thou can'st not spend it.

Old Man.

So much the better, 'twill be safer then
For little Pierrot. Aye, aye, kind sirs,
The wind is tempered to the shorn sheep.
I lost two sheep by wehr-wolves ; aye, did I.
Give ye god'den, both my fine gentlemen.

Exit old man.

Pic.

This wretched peasant knows not how to spend,
Or lighten his dog's life with meat or wine.
His grandson, no doubt, is a sickly brat ;
The chances are they both die on the way,
And Pierre will fall heir to Pierrot.

Passé.

Meet me as ordered, then I will commend thee
To our old major-domo as possessed
Of all the requisites of perfect valet,
Such as poltroonery and ingratitude,
Insolence conjoined with sycophance,

Unlimited conceit, dishonesty,
 Insatiable aptitude for lies,
 Besides the greater and the lesser gifts
 That fit so fine an office. Go ! get clothes.
 Come back here less loud-smelling and more clean.

Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

La Rochelle. Roberval's quarters. Roberval and D'Auxillon ; enter
 De Beaurepaire and gallants of the expedition.

Roberval. Gentlemen adventurers, welcome all !
 Is this a deputation, or a muster,
 Or merely a lounge in to kill the time ?

De Vaulvrain. A little of all three ; we came to ask,
 In passing, speeds the embarkation well ?

D'Auxillon. Almost complete. The men turned fairly out,
 Knapsacked and armed as ready for a march ;
 The women lugged out noseless cider-mugs,
 Pots without ears, and hiltless frying-pans,
 And would have filled one ship with spinning-wheels.

Rob. Pshaw ! they must know the space is limited.

D'Aux. De Beaurepaire wants all the decks for dogs,
 He has some huge boarhounds of Burgundy ;
 Duvar has terriers, Rimbault, levriers,
 And Quentin some facetious water-poodles.
 Jean Alfonse nearly sunk the fleet with oaths
 When he saw all this baggage coming in ;
 He swore he'd throw the dog-coops overboard,
 And make a bonfire of the spinning-wheels.

Quentin. But tell me, Viceroy, this new land of yours,
 Is it a pleasant land that bears the vine ?
 Is your chief city built ? The boulevards,
 Are they well shaded ? Are the hostels good ?

Rob. Ask our Lieutenant ; he knows well as I,
And has, besides, a much more vivid fancy.

D'Aux. The land, as yet, is rather in the rough —
No city, town, bourg, hamlet or hameau.

Quent. How can we dwell there ?

D'Aux. Well, I scarcely know ;
For some weeks we shall have to roost on trees.

Quent. Does Cartier climb a tree ?

D'Aux. All Maloese do,
And Cartier, as Grand Pilot, leads the way,
Like a sea-spider, warps hand over hand
Up to the leaf-vane on the topmost bough.
In my opinion, he would like to climb
Much higher yet if he could get the chance.

Quent. Is this true ?

D'Aux. As true as travellers' tales.

Quent. I did not calculate on this.

Laverdy. Nor I.

Rob. Cartier knows best how to arrange these things,
We hope to meet him there ere many weeks.

De Launoy. His name is Quartier, not Cartier.

De Bruys. Carte, or tierce, or quart, or quatrefoil,
He is the man who found our new land out.

D'Aux. Jacques Cartier is an honest mariner,
Though bluff and gruff a little it may be,
And somewhat credulous in what he sees :
He saw a bear stand up on its hind legs.

Philippe de Loan. Did he so ? I have seen a bear do that.

D'Aux. But not, when fired at, coolly turn its rear,
Stand up, and twirl its postulate of a tail,
And stalk away with long strides of contempt.

Quent. There seems but little to attract in this.

Rob. Remember, each shall have a seigneurie.

Laverdy. What is the use to have a seigneurie
If all the vassals are wild savages
That take pot shots at one with slings and spears?

Rob. I am empowered to say His Majesty
Will keep us well supplied with emigrants,
So in short time you may surround yourselves
With your dependents from your own cantons.

Quent. That is the future. For the present time
I think that I must beg to be excused;
I know that I could not live up a tree.

Rob. Not quite so bad as that. The Pilot Cartier
Has had two years to smooth the way for us,
And, though he has not made report of late,
He has some hundred colonists who should,
Ere this, have organized and parcelled out
The lands in settlement around the fort;
So, on the whole, it may not be more dull
Than when you from the noisy Capital
Go to the Provinces to take the air.

DeYon. Is suitable employment for us there?

Rob. What say you to a little piracy?
We must possess the country, land and sea,
The fisheries and nurseries for the fleet,
And we must suffer no intruders there,
Especially those English water-rats.

DeYon. Delightful! Write me down a pirate bold.
Sang dieu! I'll be Rollo o'er again,
And lay hands on another Normandy.

Kerbabu. Give me land pillage. Brave my soul may be,
But my paunch is a coward on the sea.

De Launoy. Poetry is penal,—fine one livre.

De Beaurepaire. Come, gentlemen, we have to show ourselves,
And clear up ancient scores in this Rochelle;
Ruffle a little in the casinos,

And pay old hates off with polite adieux;
Must, with our kerchiefs, wipe off floods of tears,
And patch up broken hearts with promises
To be redeemed or not as time may tell.
Ho! for the new New France of the new West!
Roberval thinks us bores, so let us go.

Exeunt all but Roberval.

Enter Servant.

Servant. A lady waits.

Rob. Who?

Serv. Sieur, I know not;
In sorrow, as I think, but young and graceful,
And clad in mourning garb.

Rob. Admit her straight.

(Enter Margaret Roberval, veiled. Roberval escorts her gallantly to a seat, and stands uncovered.)

Fair lady, for I know that you are fair,
Whence comes this honor that you wait on me?
This cabinet is more the abiding place
Of logs and muster-rolls than ladies' bower.

Marg. Alas! I come a sad petitioner.

Rob. The happier, I, who have the power to aid.

Marg. If not in your power, then not in man's power,
But in the hand of God.

Rob. Lady unknown,
Much may lie in my power. Not all, but much.
My duty to my King, my self-respect,
Are almost all can lay restraint on me.
You seem in trouble: friends, perchance, have lost,
And that I cannot remedy. Consider,
If it be in the compass of my mission,
Your prayer already granted.

Marg. Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!
And dare I humbly ask if, of your grace,
You'll patient hear me.

Rob. Lady, there is no need
For this reiteration. Pray, unveil.

Margaret removes her veil.

Marg. Uncle! dear uncle! hear me, sir—

Rob. Avaunt!
Hence, woman! dare you steal upon me thus
In the disguise of modesty? Begone,
Ere my wrath break in rude discourtesy
On your fallacious sex. Begone, I say!

Marg. What have I done,—

Rob. What have you *not* done,—
Discredit to my house, vile, traitress, wanton.

Marg. Upon my knees, dear uncle, let me plead—

Rob. Pleading is vain, and is insult to me.

Marg. Still, let me plead. Still, let me kiss your feet.
It is not for myself. For me sweet death
Were welcome. 'Tis alone for him I plead.
I love him, uncle, dearer than my life.
For you to grant, 'tis but a little thing,
That you, as guardian, let me wed my mate.
Consent, my lord, and ease my breaking heart.
Another boon there was I fain had sought.

Rob. Well?

Marg. That you would let us go to the New Land,
And there we can together live our life
In any humble work or menial toil,
Together straining, that the coming time
May overgrow the past.

Rob. (laughs bitterly). Why not?
Among my colonists are choicest thieves,
Cut-throats, and galley-slaves, and monstrous drabs,
Trulls of the camp, and all the market jades
That could be found in all the prisons of France.

Why not, I say? There's room enough for you.
 But, as you say there's love between you fools
 (There may for aught I know), I, to prevent
 Foul prattle as to name of Roberval —
 As would be were you 'mong that festering crew,
 Will take a different order in your case.
 Guardian's consent to wed I will not give;
 Yet, as you wish to lose the world for love,
 And long to found a new Arcadian home,
 And as you've stolen by your practiced art,
 My promise to comply with your request,
 You *shall* both go to Canada.

Marg.

O, uncle!

Rob. Mock me not with thanks.

Here, take this passport
 To the Captain of the "Caron" caravel,
 Now lying at the mole.

God help thee.
 Go, Margaret! Thou wilt see my face no more.
 Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

On the mole at Rochelle. Syndic and deputation of Traders. Roberval and attendants.

Syndic. Signor, I am the Syndic. Excellency,
 I am a fish-monger, — hum, — Chevalier,
 I am the Syndic *and* a fish-monger, — hum, —
 Corn' d'ung c'hoq!
 The speech my clerk wrote has made its escape.

Take this good sword from good Rochelle :
 The citizens had it forged,
 And paid for it,
 And give it to your little Excellency.
 Buckle it on your hip. Don't be afeared.
 We know you know how to make it flourish
 Against the King's enemies. Zip-zip-huzzā !

Roberval unbuckles his own sword, and replaces it by the citizens' gift.

Rob. Excellent Syndic, and good Rochellese,
 My heart leaps at the sight of this good sword !
 I take it as a pledge 'twixt you and me
 To live or die for service of the King.
 Ne'er shall I draw it save for France's cause,
 And never shall I sheathe it save with honor
 As pure and stainless as its polished blade.

Citizens.

Zip-zip !

Wireworkers. The skilled men who spin iron into wire,
 And weave in wire as spiders weave in thread,
 By their guild-fathers, now in presence here,
 Beg your acceptance of a gross of mouse-traps.

Rob. Perhaps in the whole range of industry
 Is nothing I would long for more, the rather
 That in New France we trap beasts for their skins ;
 Moreover, these will keep my mind assured
 'Gainst depredations on our farmers' cheese.

Breeches-makers. Our Art and mystery as old as Adam —
 For he was our first customer for breeches —
 Present you with a pair of leather smalls.

Rob. These I shall keep for high-class festivals.

Chord-spinners. Valiant Commander, our illustrious guild
 Is passed apprentice to the Muse of Music,
 And in its name we offer you a type
 Of industry peculiar to Rochelle —
 The very primest strain of catgut strings.

Rob. Thanks, artist craftsmen ; your gift fills a want.
 I have no doubt my Colonists and I,
 When that our toilsome, long days' works are done,
 Will spend our evenings playing on the zither.
 (Other gifts offered.)

Time nor the tide waits not for any man.
 The signal flies. I must me now on board,
 Even though I see the many generous gifts
 And samples of your various industries.
 You others, that, with words of friendliness,
 Have brought for me, as souvenirs and etrennes,
 The sugar, salt, and yarn, and eau-de-vie,
 The pitch and tar, the butter, eggs and oil,
 Pray take them all on board. And now, farewell !
 In the new country far beyond the sea
 My breast will glow at thought of La Rochelle.
 Embarks. Enter Beaurepaire and gallants.

Beau. I took a last look round the Viceroy's room,
 My dog Dent-brizé with me, whom you know ;
 The gamesome cur, thinking that he had found
 A nest of leverets, upset a basket,
 And from the scattered papers brought a scroll.
 Knowing the dog's intelligence, methought
 He'd found a love-letter, but it was not ;
 It was in Roberval's own hen-stratch scrawl,
 And here it is. Read. An adieu to France.

Pont Briant. Was it quite fair, your curiosity ?

Beau. All things are quite permissible in love.
 Dog thought was love, and 'tis but doggerel.

ADIEU TO FRANCE.

Adieu to France ! my latest glance
 Falls on thy port and bay, Rochelle ;
 The sun-rays on the surf-curis dance,
 And spring-time, like a pleasing spell,
 Harmonious holds the land and sea.
 How long, alas, I cannot tell,
 Ere this scene will come back to me.

The hours fleet fast, and on the mast
Soon shall I hoist the parting sail;
Soon will the outer bay be passed,
And on the sky-line eyes will fail
To see a streak that means the land.
On, then! before the tides and gale,
Hope at the helm, and in God's hand.

What doom I meet, my heart will beat
For France, the debonnaire and gay
She ever will in memory's seat
Be present to my mind alway.
Hope whispers my return to you
Dear land! but should fate say me nay,
And this should be my latest view.
Fair France, loved France, *my* France, adieu!
Salut à la France! Salut!



ACT II. SCENE I.

Quebec. Colonists debarking from two ships. Three other ships coming up.
Roberval, Pont Briant and officers ascending the heights.

Roberval. Here, then, we stand on the Canadian shore,
My foot the first; this steep-walled promontory —
The key by land and sea to Canada —
(That fort of Cartier's is but badly placed,
But I will remedy that fault anon;
Marvel the savages have let it stand) —
And all the natural features of the scene
Excel description with reality.
Here is a roadstead where all Europe's fleets
Might make manœuvre in their battle line,
And seem but chaloupes sailing on a pond;
Here deep coves timbered to the water's edge,
And rivers with such volume in their streams
Their tides are felt at sea.

Pont Briant. I should say so.
I don't suppose this half the world was made
At a date later than the other half;
If not, the Gods and Titans knew this place,
And might have fought their mighty battles here.
The Mediterranean, though a good French lake,
Is much too small for all, we're told, was done;
But here is fighting room. Can you not see
The Titans on this round-backed promontory,
The Gods on yon adjacent mountain range,
The Winds all howling out of those grey caves,
Old pitch-forked Neptune lashing up the main,
And the air thick with lightning, rocks and spray?
'Faith, I believe it, quite as much as that
The world stands on a tortoise, though, indeed,
One hears so much 'tis hard what to believe.
In some such mighty brawl the angry gods,
Smiting the land, no doubt rove this great Gulf,
And in the skirmish scuttled the Atlantis.

An Officer. Pont Briant's classic reminiscences
Trip up the heels of his theology.

An Officer. These savages must be a timid folk.
At the first thunder of the anchoring gun
They fled like flock of swimming water-fowl.
From this point we can see their white canoes
Drawn on the beach on south side of the roads.

Rob. Cartier says they have a fund of cunning,
And are ferocious and most barbarous.

Pont. Else what the use of being savages.

Off. It will require some tact to deal with them.

Rob. Craft shall meet craft, and force be met by force ;
There is a lever, too, that, well applied,
Moves pagan equally with Christian men —
The Archimedean power, Cupidity.
We'll use all means that God puts in our hands.
In three months from this date, things going well,
We shall be safe entrenched 'gainst any force
The natives, with their mimic war, can bring.
I have belief in earthworks, by and by,
(They served the Romans well in fort and field),
But, for the present, all that we shall need
Is a slight redan with two loop-holed towers,
And glacis smoothed beyond long arrow range ;
Our rear the sea ; but that is quite enough,
Our fight here is with nature, not with man.
My years are more than I do wish they were,
Yet I expect to see this steep-sloped hill
Crowned with a citadel and fortress lines,
With bastions strong as those that once I saw
At double-walled Verona ; hundred leagues
Dotted with villages and thriving towns ;
A fleet to make us masters of the main,
And this magnificent and peerless Gulf
Ruddy with tan-barked sails of fishermen.
Providence moves more quickly when man aids,

And ere three decades, if we live so long,
 We may hand over to the King of France
 A realm, in value, far beyond compare
 With Guelders, Nice, Milan and Burgundy.

Another Off. A poet, had we one, would feel enrapt
 In ecstasy before this pleasing scene,
 Uniting, as it does, all elements
 That charm the eye and make the fancy glow:
 Sublimity and beauty here combine.
 See the soft-shaded outlines of the shores,
 The sun-light falling from the cloudless blue,
 The quiet surface of the sapphire sea,
 The blended colors — greens and gold and greys;
 Even here I hear, from some sea-scape retreat,
 A land-bird making music for its mate;
 This seems no portion of the old hard world,
 But rather fancy picture limned to show
 What heaven is like. Think you not so, Viceroy?

Rob. I must postpone all gush and sentiment;
 Poets, you know, are never practical.

Off. I differ from you there, but let it pass.

Rob. A noble land indeed, and well beseems
 We take it to our hearts and love it well.
 The path is practicable: let us ascend
 And see the vista from a higher plane,
 While, as is good and meet, the priests below
 Return our thanks to God for bon voyage.
 They pass. Enter four Colonists.

1st. Col. Shall we still climb? I am a mountaineer.
 No higher up? Then seat us on this ledge.
 What think'st thou of it?

2nd. Col. I like it not at all.
 I see long years of heavy grinding toil
 Ere these great woods be wheat lands bearing grain;
 I have my doubts if it will ripe the vine.
 I would I saw the Cévennes slopes again.

1st. Col. Why cam'st thou here then ?

2nd Col. Well, I hardly know ;

I heard a good deal of it at the forge,
And after Mass we'd get in little groups,
And talk about the King and Roberval.

3rd Col. I would have stayed at home on mine own croft,
And earned my honest bread in peace and joy,
But my next neighbor was a bad, bad man,
Who had too many children for his size,
So that my dame's hens could not lay an egg
But that the egg mysterious disappeared,
And worse than that: could you believe it, sirs?
Down my clay chimney he would drop dead cats—
We think he must have been a Huguenot.

4th Col. I would have knocked your neighbor with a flail,
And dropped his brats into the nearest pond.
I have brats of mine own (bless 'em), for them
Says I to my good dame: "Look here! ma'mie,
When these boys grow they'll drag them to the wars,
And these bright girls must drudge as peasants' wives;
Get up, ma'mie, and let us cross the sea!
What matters thou and me will have to toil
For all our lives mayhap, so they be well,
And have great farms and orchards of their own,
With no harsh lords to lord it over them!
Content be we if, when we've played our play,
They keep our names in kind remembrance,
And lay a wreath of flowers upon our grave."

1st Col. For me, I came because I hate to work.

I am a hunter; I can send a shaft
Straight to a running mark; with muske'oon
Can stop the great brown eagle in his soar,
And I have hit a swallow on the wing.
(Sings) Trillililloão, trillililloalão!
From these great shady forests, with the dogs
Monsieur de Beaurepaire has promised me,
I mean to pave my farm with choicest skins

Of elk and wolf, trillilôa-lôalou !
 Let us descend and join them in the prayers.
 They descend. Enter three soldiers.

1st Soldier. Atop of this high hill a hundred men,
 Behind a stockade, could defy assault,
 Though led by Bayard or Rolând himself.

2nd Soldier. Strong, sure enough, and no assault to lead,
 I fear we'll have but little fighting here,
 Our only foes canaille of savages.

1st Soldier. Those savages have girls !

2nd Soldier. Depend on that.

3rd Soldier. I saw a savage once from Africa ;
 Black as a lump of charcoal, kettle black,
 But fat as any high Church dignitary,
 And greasy as a friar mendicant ;
 Bohemians bought her for a kind of show,
 As a descendant of the Queen of Sheba.

1st Soldier. I hope our quarters will be lower down ;
 That mountain's side is stiff for legs to climb,
 And much too near to heaven — the devil take it —
 For us to steal a leave some starless night
 And loot the women's huts.

2nd Soldier. *Gare* there, my lad ;
 You don't know Roberval.

3rd Soldier. Hist ! comrade, hark !
 What may it mean, those voices from below ?

2nd Soldier. It is the service to the Mary Mother,
 In whose protection this new land is placed.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

(Coming in snatches, brokenly, from below.)

Regina cœli
 O, Star of Sea,
 We dedicate this salvage land to Thee :

Woman clothed with the glorious sun,
The horned moon for Thy feet to rest upon,
And on Thy head seven stars when day is done:

Lily that in the King's closed garden grows:
O, type Vine fruited boughs:
Pomegranate branch that budded: Mystic Rose:

Garden enclosed from mortal hurts and harms,
Not barren Thou though angels fenced Thy charms
With a close treillage of their linked arms:

Mother of travail, spotless Maid Divine,
Make our homes fruitful, bless our corn and wine,
And of this land be this the name and sign

Terra Mariæ dulcis . . .

They stand uncovered until the chaunt ceases and dies away in echo.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Same day. Roberval in tent. Enter Pont Briant, laughing.

Roberval. You're merry, Pont Briant. It is dull here,
Pray let me share the mirth.

Pont Briant. Ha! ha! I laugh,
The garrison has been increased by one.

Rob. A scout came in, you say. Who? why? from whence?

Pont. A scout who, if she should live long enough,
May be the mother of a line of scouts.

Rob. Explain.

Pont. Jacques Lourdre's little Norman wife
Hath just presented him a sturdy girl,
The first child that is born in this New France,
And all the gossips, mid-wives, girls and priests
Are closetted in dire conspiracy
That you should act as god-father.

Rob.

Not I.

But, as this thing does not hap every day,
You shall be god-father, and name the child.

Pont. (alarmed). I pray excuse.*Rob.*

Excuse you I will not.

I trust you for the all-sufficient reason,
Ere she be marriageable you'll be too old
To do her mischief.

Pont.

But, sir —

Rob.

Without there!

(Enter attendant.)

Harkye! Monsieur Claude de Pont Briant
Will take on him the vows as god-father
And parrien to this unexpected child,
Mademoiselle Cā-nā-dā.

Pont.

Nay, but sir —

Rob. — And let the garrison — man, knave and boy,
Have each a double rummer-can at noon,
To drink the young one's health.

*Attendant retires.**Pont.*

Pray hear me, sir —

Rob. 'Tis time that you were settled, my friend Pont,
And what more interesting sight could be
Than see you help to guide her infant steps,
Teach her her prayers, —

Pont.

Oh!

Rob.

— strap her on your knapsack,
And whistle to her on a long day's march!
You cannot think how sweet a thing 'twill be
To act the nurse to your god-daughter's love.

Pont.

Mort de ma vie! god-father I will be,
And father too to this same forest kid, —
Cā-nā-dā mie, Cānādā mignonette,
I feel as if she were child of my reins;
I'll go and have my little imp baptized,
And woe to him who makes a mock of us!

Rob. Thou'rt a good fellow, Pont Briant. Yet stay,
Here, take this purse to buy a basinette;
Her future charge be shared 'twixt me and thee.

Exit Pont Briant. Enter Jean Alfonse, Pilot.

J. Alfonse. Come ashore, sir. The ships ride at anchor,
All three made fast; and a clean bill of health.

Rob. Any trouble with your convict crews?

J. Alf. Nothing to speak of: a revolt or two;
Occasion to fire down the hatchways twice;
Two men thrust through a port-hole; an attempt
To fire the magazine, and, by the way,
I had to tuck three hands to the yard-arm;
Some mutiny on board the smaller ships,
But, on the whole, nothing to speak of.

Rob. In virtue of the powers conferred on me,
My clerk shall write you out an amnesty
For these most necessary instances.
A man and woman prisoner who were given
With privately sealed orders, what of them?

J. Alf. Alas! sir —

Rob. Point direct, sir, answer me.

J. Alf. Viceroy, I know what you have done for me;
Have chosen me for your Pilot, and right well
I know your word is law. All this I know
And strongly feel; but when the moment came
To carry out your orders, in my breast
Compassion and obedience went to war,
And I had thought — had hoped —

Rob. Say on, sir. Well?

J. Alf. Obedience triumphed. With what grace I might
I made her doom known to the Lady Mar —

Rob. The prisoners.

J. Alf. The prisoners; they also had with them
A horrible old witch or nursing mother, —

'Fore Gad, I'd rather face five savages
 Than that old spitfire; with her claws she flew
 At all around, and lo! marines of France
 Fled like Napolitans before her charge,
 With much-scratched visages, e'en I myself
 Had to be rescued by my port-ensign,
 Else had I throttled been; at length she clung
 To her loved lady, who stood pale and dumb,
 But trembling much, and then into the boat
 We lowered them, while the sailors at the oars
 Were silent in the presence of such grief;
 But, when we left to come on board, there came
 Over the surge such wild burst of despair
 It quite o'ercame us, and I had to turn
 And vent some rounds of good sound Gascoyne oaths
 As a mild diluent to soothe my feelings.
 The place of landing was, as by this chart,
 An island you will see on Cartier's plan
 At thirty-six leagues distant from the coast
 Across the mouth of the known estuary—

Rob. So that 'tis done tell me not where 'twas done.

J. Alf. The wind had fallen, and our idle sails
 Lay pinned against the mast. Some twenty hours
 We lay in a dead calm, and from aloft
 Could see the fragile gently-nurtured dame
 Dragging huge stones and staggering under faggots,
 Helping the man and witch to build a hut.
 Then, as a breath came round by nor'-nor'east,
 We spread our wings and left them to their fate.

Rob. (aside). And so this is the very last and end
 Of the delusive fever women call love.
 Yet, after all,— poor Margaret.

(Aloud.) Hasten now
 To land our vagabonds, and let us see
 What discipline can do to turn such carrion
 Into good colonists. Report anon.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Next day. Two soldiers on rampart of Cartier's fort.

1st Soldier (*new comer*). Comrade! come read a riddle puzzles me.

Who are we? where are we? what country's this?

Is't the beginning or the end of land?

Or is't a country in the world at all?

Or whither away? or under what king's reign?

2nd Soldier. May I be halberted if I can tell

What bit o' the world it be. Jacques Cartier knows.

I don't.

1st Soldier.

Yet I and thou know who is King,—

The brave, the gay, the King most Christian,

A handsome monarch with a pontoon nose,

Brown hide, black hair, our gallant François One,

Whom God preserve.

2nd Soldier.

Vive le Roy François!

They touch their caps in salute.

1st Soldier. Where is the headquarters of the force?

2nd Soldier. I am the force. I am the garrison,

The captain, commandant, and commissary.

What would'st thou have? lancespede and private man

Of Canada and Noremburgia,

Admiral and vice-admiral of the same.

When our Grand Pilot Cartier struck his tents,

And ordered all to ship on board his fleet,

I volunteered to stay, but was refused.

So, when the roll was called I was amissing,

And here have held the fort from then till now,

With the old dame that boils my pot au feu

As the sole army under my command.

But mark me, comrade mine, *my pay runs on*,

And I shall come on our new army chest

For billet money, 'lowance and arrears.

- 1st Soldier.* Old soldier, thou! but rather thou than me.
Wert thou not set on by the savages?
- 2nd Soldier.* No, no. The savages are bon cam'rades;
They took up an idea I was crazed,
And, therefore, treated me right royally.
They have a great respect for idiocy.
- 1st Soldier.* When, twelve leagues off the coast, we met your ships,
On which they crowded sail to pass us by,
The Viceroy signalled for them to lay to.
The which they did, but evening quickly fell,
And in the night they sneaked themselves away,
'Twas well for them 'twas night, as Cartier knew.
Had it been daylight Roberval had sunk them,
Else I am much mistaken in my man.
Of course this spread among us much dismay
To find ourselves abandoned and betrayed;
Some thought that we would straight return to France,
But those who knew our leader best knew not;
So here we are to do the thing we may.
I doubt if the King knows this state of things.
- 2nd Soldier.* Hast seen our gracious King?
- 1st Soldier.* Aye, 'faith have I.
Three years since I was in the Royal Guard,
When our gay King received the Emperor
At Chatelherault, and brought him to Versailles;
A brave scene it was then. The hombres stared
To see the high magnificence of our Court,
That quite eclipsed their German-Spanish show
With feathers, silk, and arms, and women-kind,
For Francis loves to have the ladies with him.
There had been talk of choosing volunteers
For this New Land, and I was one of them;
So after the day's martial show was done,
The King himself inspected our parade,
And, as he passed, he, with his jewelled hand,
Smote me, hail-fellow-met, upon the shoulder:
"Comrade," said he (the King said "comrade"), "ho!

One for the savages of our New France?
 Be faithful to your King— ha! foi de moi,
 We'll send you out another little king—
 Our tried and trusted little King of Vimieu,"
 And then passed on. You would have heard the shout
 Three leagues off when the brave King called us comrades.
 He called us "comrades," and we knew him comrade.

2nd Soldier. Who might this other little monarch be?

1st Soldier. A tried and trusted leader, true as steel,
 But martinet in body and in bones;
 Ere now he has hung men for stealing straw,
 And fettered thieves for theft of twenty sols;
 Hard and implacable, yet soldiers' friend,
 Looking aye to their comfort; otherwise
 He is profuse and careless of his pay,
 And sows his gold like millet. So they say.

2nd Soldier. Is't he comes here as Viceroy?

1st Soldier. Observe him well. Hist! he comes.

Colonists marched in. Enter Roberval the Viceroy, D'Auxillon, second in command, with officers and guards.

Rob. All freemen, who have never been within
 A prison wall, will please fall out of line.

(Greater number leave the ranks; criminals remain.)

Rogue on the right, what record dost thou bring?

1st Criminal. An't please your worship, I'm an ill-used man:
 My secret foes trumped an unfounded charge
 To the effect I was a common thief,
 Something, too, of a ruffian, and the judge
 Was prejudiced, and condemned me.

Rob. Next one.

2nd Crim. Excellency, I was falsely charged
 With arson, but I really felt quite grieved
 When told that a young child had been consumed.

3rd Crim. There was no proof against me, sir. False oaths
 Were brought to weigh down all my *alibi*;

They could not prove 'twas I that robbed the post,
And yet, though innocent as any child,
They seared me with hot irons. Such is law.

4th Crim. Breach under trust, but it was a mistake ;
The public prosecutor had his bribe,
And the result was that I lost my ears.

5th Crim. Sir, I am victim of the town police,
My premises were not a strangler's den,
But a respectable hotel.

6th Crim. They said 'twas I, but I am not the man
To take a freedom with the King's octroi.
Not I, indeed ! 'Twas a conspiracy
Of shopkeepers to send me to the galleys.

7th Crim. Not likely I would rob Montmarte, sir,
And drive a traffic in my comrades' bones ;
It would not pay, would not buy bread and salt,
Chirurgeons give so little for a corpse,
Even when 'tis dug up from a new made grave.

8th Crim. Sir, some one spread the monstrous calumny
I was a poison vendor. Several died
Mysterious deaths, and, therefore, they blamed me.
Despite my innocency, I was whipped
And set upon the pillory ; and this
Was my reward for pure philanthropy.

9th Crim. My lord, the guard called me mauvey garson ;
And I says to the Prefect, " Prefect," says I,
" Could they identify me in a mask ?"
Yet I, though innocent, was sent out here.

Rob. Enough, enough, and much more than enough.
You godly company of innocent men,
Lest that your purity should be defiled,
You shall be told off' in a separate gang
To work on the fortifications.

See to it, D'Auxillon.

(To Soldiers) Soldiers! my veterans whom I know and trust,
The King, our master here, has given to me

Power absolute, the gift of life and death.
I am myself a soldier, one of you,
And know the soldier's duties, wants and joys.
Here, in this foreign land, the service calls
For vigilance, but duty will be light,
Except a brush with natives now and then ;
But this I tell you, that the discipline
Will be as strict as army's in the field,
Or as routine of royal garrison.
As for the rest, so far as I have means,
Your wants shall careful be attended to,
Your pleasures not too much infringed upon.
Bear in remembrance th. I am your friend.
Keep in your memory, officers and men,
The rule of guidance of this garrison
Is discipline, and concord in the ranks.

Soldiers.

Vive le Roi ! vive Roberval.

Rob. (to Colonists). Gentlemen Colonists! our voyage o'er,
Your duty now is quickly to get housed;
The ladies, who have honored us and shared
Our tiresome passage o'er the stormy sea,
Expect that much, and long to have a home
Where each may busy her with women's cares,
And rear up sons to people this fair land.
For the land, fresh from Nature, is right fair,
Though wild, indeed, compared with pleasant France,
Yet soon the patient hand of industry
Will turn the mighty woods to fertile fields.
Set them to work. Allow me to suggest
You parcel yourselves out in working bands
Under some special gentleman of name,
And throw your whole force on a single house,
And then another, and another, so
By night to-morrow many will be housed.
Some parties of fatigue will give you aid.
Do not omit to smooth a dancing-green,
With benches for the ladies and the band;
A chapel afterwards.

The land around,
 In reasonable distance of the fort,
 Has been laid off by Cartier and surveyed,
 And will be given for settlement by lot.
 Remember that I am your civil chief,
 As well as military, and my duty
 Chimes in with my desire to aid, protect,
 And strengthen your brave patriotic aims.
 And so God speed you all.

Exeunt Roberval and staff. Enter Passepartout and Picot.

Passepartout. Dost know the tavern of the Thirty Spoons?

Picot. Rue Morgot.

Passe. On the left side of the street.

Pic. Right-hand corner of the barber's alley.

Both. Would we were there!

Passe. The soups!

Pic. The red, red wine!

Passe. Trictrac!

Pic. The dominoes!

Passe. The hand-maid Jeanne!

Pic. Surely some evil genius ruled my birth,
 And watched my early cradle hours.

Passe. And mine.

Both. Else, had we never come to Canada.

Pic. Now, we are here, have those varlets unpacked
 The rich camp equipage of the Viceroy?

Passe. He hath none. A rush pallet for a bed
 Is all he needs; a knife and spoon and platter,
 And for his provend, private soldier's fare.

Pic. O Lord! I am a miserable man,
 I that have eaten soup of tourterelle,*
 And drank deep chopins from the spigot-hole,
 And spent my wage at booths of gamesome fairs,

*Turtle dove, not turtle.

Helas ! helas ! O miserable me,
My fate is sealed.

Passé. Accept my sympathies.

Pic. Rude life, coarse fare, our masters may not mind,
But valets crave for something more refined.
Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

In the fort. Throwing dice for seigneuries.

Commissioner. Messieurs, the Colonists have all been settled
On their allotted lands, and seem content ;
Meantime, the seigneuries have been laid off
To previous applicants, save three or four,
Which will be now distributed by lot, —
Call on the lottery goddess to be kind.

Pont Briant (taking the dice). O fickle fortune ! aid thy votary,
Remove the bandage from thy lovely eyes,
And if thou hast thy wheel about thee, turn !
I would go down upon my bended knees,
But that the dust might damage — double six !

Clerk (reads). This seigneurie is bounded on the north
By the unbroken forest ten leagues wide,
Thence, bearing parallel, due south twelve leagues
To a fair water front in width ten leagues ;
Throughout its length there runs a good mill-stream.

Pont. Call my fief *Moulin* ! I'll turn dusty miller,
And take my multure of six double grips,
Already I can hear the clapper clack,
And feel half-blinded by the flying meal.

De Charney. Omnipotent Chance, come aid me, — five and four !

Clerk. Six leagues of frontage by six leagues in depth ;
There is much open on a part of it,
Quite free from brush, with a good second growth.

De Char. I'll make my prize-land one vast aviary,
Turn poultry in, have tumbril-loads of eggs,
And go to market in a plantain hat.

Pont. See that your hens lay coloured eggs for Easter.

De Beaurepaire. I'm best adapted for a charcoal-burner,
Persons like that sit round their Council fires;
I want good timber that will char — deuce, tre!

Clerk. Two leagues in width by four: the land is low,
And moderately clad with softwood trees,
Poplar and willow; a great part is swamp.

De Beau. Snipes! and a notable preserve for frogs.

Du Hamel. I want a county, — double six again!

Clerk. Good hardwood land, eight and a half leagues square,
Well watered, has a noble building site.

Du Ham. I'll build a chateau with twelve weather-cocks.

Pont. And I a mill, — come, buy superior flour!

All (confusedly). E-g-g-s! grenouilles! char-co-al!

Vive la Seigneurie!
Exeunt, laughing.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Falls of Niagara in the unbroken forest. Roberval, solus.

Roberval (after a long pause).

. . . . How august are thy works, O God of Might.
. This masterpiece of Thine Almighty hand
Transcends the range of words. . . . O, soul of man,
What can'st thou do but wonder and adore.
An ocean poured into a giant chasm
With one majestic sweep of quiet force,
Embodiment of power ineffable,
Resistless beyond utmost stretch of thought,

Too grand to have its features analysed,
Too vast to pick and speculate on parts,
But in its whole so dread it numbs the mind,
And merges all sensations into awe.
Visible image of immensity.
This wall of falling waters to the eye
Itself a miracle, but when conjoined
With that incessant slumberous monotone
That causes heart and ear alike to throb,
Addressing ear and eye alike, it reads
The occult riddle, how, in former times,
The very God came down and talked with men.
What can the hearer do but reverent say
This is the voice of God. The resonant rocks
And caverns echo it. Above the flume
And all along the stately rocking shore
The agèd forests that, like sentinels
With their gaunt shadows dim and tenebrous
Shut in the world's wonder, echo it,
While leagues away, through all the sylvan shades,
Outborne by the vibrating earth and air,
The cause unseen, the deep-toned murmur sounds
Like rolling of the Almighty's chariot wheels.
Nature's grand pæan to that Nature's God,
Throughout the ages an unresting hymn.
No fitful leaping, no impetuous rush,
But stern and slow in solemn majesty,
With the dread calm of the inevitable
And cold serenity of shunless fate ;
That ever-falling wall could, effortless,
Submerge a capital, sweep nations' fleets
In splinters to unfathomable depths,
Or whirl whole armies of the empires, light
Upon its face as floating thistle-down.
The beauty and the terror of it ! The sprays,
In spiral smoke-wreaths, rise in shifting forms,
More than the incense of a thousand fanes,
Until they mingle viewless with the clouds,
While, as reminder of the promise made —

Water should not again destroy the world,
 Rainbow tiaras span the dreadful fall,
 And through them flash the flung-up water-drops,
 Making a rain of rainbows. Mystery
 That the Creator should this marvel make,
 And shut it in with dreadest solitude.
 How few the eyes that ere have looked on this,
 How far transcendant beyond painter's dream,
 Or the most vivid fancy ever poet,
 Wrapt in the world of faërie, ever had ;
 More wondrous even than the visions seen
 By the Beloved in the apocalypse,
 This wonder of the world—Niagara.

Enter soldiers with two captured Indians.

Sergeant. These savages, prowling around the post,
 Are taken, and await your orders.

Rob.

Let them go free.

(Exeunt soldiers, marvelling at the order.)

What am I in this dread immensity
 To take the life of any living thing ?
 For, I suppose, God's creatures even these.

(Ohnawa appears above.)

Ha ! are there wood-ghosts in this solitude,
 Such as we read of in roman de rou ?
 No, it is Dian, or Diana's maid,
 And fully armed with arrow, belt and bow,
 Though tricked out in a somewhat antic guise.
 By heathen Venus, what a shape it has !
 If nymph it be, and not an airy form
 Evoked from out the rainbows of the place :
 Small head well set, arched neck, svelt frame and limbs,
 Lissome as steel, as active as a deer,
 And skin no duskier than I oft have seen
 Among the peasant maids of warm Provence,
 At time of grapes, when browned by vintage sun ;
 It lives, it moves, it answers to my gaze,
 Yet I have heard these dryades are dumb ;
 If this should be a woman, now, and she
 An average sample of the belle sauvage,

Twould be no task to populate the land.
But how have speech of her?

(He beckons; she approaches cautiously.)

Ohé! la! la!

Ohnāwa. I know not what thou say'st.

Rob. Great heaven on high!

This painted wood-fée hath a Christian speech,
She speaks good Picard, spoken with a lisp,
And not what Cartier calls sathanus tongue.
In name of all gramamarias, who art thou?

Ohn. Ohnāwa is the singing brook that runs
And ever so among the grass is glad,
And I am glad, and where I list I run,
And am Ohnāwa,

Rob. Beautiful savage! say
By what huge marvel in this wild-wood land
It comes thou speak'st the tongue of distant France,
Instead of chitter chatter caterwaul?

Ohn. Twelve moons ago a trapper, a white man,
Was taken by our braves, who brought him in;
He, by the Council, was condemned to die
For trespassing upon our hunting grounds,
And would have borne the torture, but it fell
That a young widow, who had lost her brave,
Took him to spouse, and led him to her tent,
So he became a warrior and remained.
He 'twas that taught me speak the white man's speech,
And said he dreamed ere many summers came,
To these our hunting-grounds would white men come
More than are river pebbles. They have come.

Rob. This white man lives?

Ohn. He lives.

Rob. Where is thy tribe?

(Ohnāwa makes a sweeping motion with her hand.)

I doubt not, — all around. How cam'st thou here?

- Ohn.* I saw thee there below, and to the string
Fitted a shaft and drew it to my ear,
But ere I touched it something leaped within,
And bade me spare thee till thy time should come.
Art thou the great white chief, the sagamore?
- Rob.* I am the chief. Our nations are at odds.
Nor need a girl know why. What brings thee here?
Do girls go on the war-path with their men?
- Ohn.* White warriors, bearing thunder, in our woods
Already hunt our people. Why is this?
They've captured two young men, and thou shalt hear
How Iroquois will sing their song of death,
And see how staunch they will their tortures bear.
- Rob.* That shall I not, for I have set them free.
- Ohn.* Why did'st thou this?
- Rob.* A whim, perchance it was,
Besides we do not torture prisoners.
Perhaps it might be that my heart took mould
And softer tone in this grand solitude, —
And truly my heart warms to thee, my child.
Ohnāwa, maiden, thou art beautiful,
Thine eyes are as the stars, lips red as berries,
Thy lithe brown limbs are graceful as the fawn's,
Not all the dames in France can match thy mien.
- Ohn.* Am I beautiful?
- Rob.* Ye gods! as if a woman did not know,
Even though a savage. Yea, so beautiful
That I must see a little more of thee,
I would I could engage me as thy servant.
- Ohn.* What is a servant?
- Rob.* A servant is, — is —
Feel'st thou no need for a protector, child?
- Ohn.* Ohnāwa has no need for a protector:
With arrow I can kill a flying deer

Can throw a tomahawk, nor fear the bear,
And hurl a knife to pin the writhing snake.

Rob. There are more fatal foes than these, Ohnāwa.
Here girl, take this trinket, wear it for me.

Hangs a trinket on a bush ; she advances and takes it.

Ohn. It is a manitou.

Rob. Manitou ?

Ohn. Medicine.

Rob. Medicine it may be, but, by good St. Luke,
I should not care to swallow it, and yet
Gold is a general cure for women's ails.
Thou goest ? Shall we not meet again ?

Ohn. I will,
When the war-hatchet's buried, come again.
Exit Ohnawa.

Rob. A fairy this. This Canada of woods
May furnish some stray leaves for camp-fire tales.
Roberval exit.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Within the fort. Soldiers carousing.

One sings :

Fill, comrades, fill the bowl right well,
Trowl round the can with mirth and glee,
Zip-zip, huzza, Noël ! Noël !
A health to me, a health to thee
And Normandie.

Chorus :

Pass, comrades, pass the reaming can,
And swig the draught out every man !

Another round as deep as last,
Down to the bottom peg, pardie !
Eyes to the front, — half pikes, — stand fast !
A health to me, a health to thee
And Picardie.

Chorus :

Pass, comrades, pass the reaming can,
And swig the draught out every man !
Though this be nought but soldiers' tap,
None better wine none ne'er did see,
It riped on our own crofts mayhap,
So here's a health to thee, to me
And fair Lorraine,
Again —
Lorraine !

Chorus :

May he be shot that shirks the can,
Quick, drain the draught out every man !

Enter Ohnawa ; soldiers crowd around her.

1st Soldier. Whom have we here ? This is a shapely wench.

2nd Soldier. Clean-limbed.

3rd Soldier. Round-armed.

4th Soldier. Svelte.

5th Soldier. And lithe and lissome.

6th Soldier. Like a Provençale in her mumming garb
On Pope Unreason's day. But where's her dog ?

7th Soldier. I saw one like that one in Italy ;
A statue like her as two peas. They called her
Bronze something, — I forget. They dug her up,
And polished her, and set her up on end.

1st Soldier. Hi ! graven image, hast thou ne'er a tongue ?

2nd Soldier. How should she speak but as a magpie chatters,
Chat, chat ! pretty Mag !

3rd Soldier. Leave her alone, now.

4th Soldier. Lay hold on her and see if she feels warm.

Ohnawa draws a knife.

All. Aha ! well done ! encore the scene ! well played !

Roberval approaches ; she advances towards him.

Soldiers (retiring). Meat for our Master.

Rob. Ohnawa !

Ohn. Great Chief.

Rob. What then, my wild fawn, has't indeed come in,
 A live pawn for thy people? Then I hope
 'Twill be long time ere they make matters up,
 So that we still may keep thee hostage here.
 But say, do practised warriors, shrewd and cunning,
 Send such bright eyes as thine to armed camp,
 To glancing catch full note of our weak points
 Or of our strength? We hang up spies, Ohnāwa.

Ohn. I am no spy. No warrior sent me here.

Rob. Why did'st thou come?

Ohn. Did'st thou thyself not ask me?

Rob. I did, i' faith; and now, thou being here
 Shalt see such wonders as are to be seen.
 They will impress thy untutored savage mind.
 Note'st thou those arms upon that slender mast,
 Whose fingers, sudden moving, form new shapes?
 By that we speak, without the aid of words,
 Long leagues away.

Ohn. This is not new to me.
 Our braves, on journeys, speak in silent signs
 By leaves, grass, mosses, feathers, twigs and stones,
 So that our people can o'ertake the trail,
 And tell a message after many moons.

Rob. I have heard of the woodland semaphore.
 'Tis a thing to be learned, — and acted on.

Ohn. Why dost thou raise thy head-gear to that blanket?

Rob. Blanket! young savage, — 'tis the flag of France,
 The far most glorious flag of earth and sea,
 That, floating over all this continent,
 Shall yet surmount the red brick towers of Spain.
 But, pshaw! why do I speak.

Gunner, fire off a fauconet.
 (Gun.)

What, not a wink? Art thou, then, really bronze,
 Insensible to wonder?

Ohn. All is new.

Rob. Then why not show astonishment? Young maids,
When marvels are presented to their view,
Clasp their fore-fingers, or put hand to ears,
Simper, cry "O, how nice!" look down an' giggle,
And show the perturbation of weak minds.

Ohn. I see new marvels that I ne'er have seen,
But when I once have seen them they are old.

Rob. These are the stables where the chargers are.
(Horse led out; groom gallops.)
No wonder in thine eyes even at this sight?
Can'st thou look on this steed, and yet not feel
No sight so beautiful in all the world?

Ohn. I have seen herds of these brave gallant beasts.

Rob. (*quickly*). When? where was this?

Ohn. When that I was a child
A tribe came scouting from the sinking sun,
The hatchet buried, on a pilgrimage
To take salt water back from out the sea,
As is their custom in their solemn rites.
They all were mounted, every one, on steeds.

Rob. Indeed!

Ohn. Our brethren, who live six moons nearer night,
And many more in number than the stars,
With steeds in number many more than they,
Dwell on the boundless, grassy, hunting-plains,
Beyond which mountains higher than the clouds,
And on the other side of them the sea.

Rob. Important this, but of it more anon.
(They enter the caserne).
These are called books. These are the strangest things
Thou yet hast seen. I take one of them down,
And lo! a learned dead man comes from his grave,
Sits in my chair and holds discourse with me.
And these are pictures.

Ohn. They are good totem.

Rob. These, maps.

- Ohn.* I, with a stick, upon the sand
Can trace the like.
- Rob.* By 'r Lady of St. Roque
That shalt thou do. The Pilot missed it there;
Thesè savages must know their country well.
This girl shall be my chief topographer,
By her I'll learn the gold and silver coast
That Cartier could not find.
Come hither to this window. Music, ho!
(Band plays.)
Art thou not pleased with these melodious sounds?
- Ohn.* The small sounds sparkle like a forest fire,
The big horn brays like lowing of the moose,
The undertone is as Niagara.
- Rob.* Have ye no music, enfans, in the woods?
No brave high ballad that your warriors sing
To cheer them on a march?
- Ohn.* We have music,
But our braves sing not. We have tribal bards
Who see in dreams things to make music of,
They tell our squaws, and the good mothers croon
Them over to their little ones asleep.
- Rob.* Sing me a forest song, one of thine own.
(Ohnawa goes to a drum and beats softly with her hand, humming the while).
This verily is music without words.
Explain, now, what its purport most may mean.
- Ohn.* The cataracts in the forests have many voices,
They talk all day and converse beneath the stars,
The mists hide their faces from the moon.
The spirits of braves come down from the hunting-grounds;
They swim in the night rainbows, and stalk among the trees,
Hearing the voice of the waters.
- Rob.* Poetic, by my soul. Why, Ohnāwa,
I've found a treasure in thee. Go now, child;
Halt e'er thou goest,
Here are our wares for trading with the tribes,
Take something with thee for remembrance,

Bright scarlet cloth, beads, buttons, rosaries,
Ribbons and huswives, scizzors, looking-glasses —
To civilised and savage women dear.
Take one, take anything, nay, lade thyself.
Nothing? Shrewd damsel, but that shall not be;
No visitor declines a souvenir.
What hast thou ta'en? A dagger double-edged,
Good, 'tis a choice appropriate, guard it well,
And hide it in thy corset, — I forget,
Thou wear'st none. Go now, girl. And come again.

Exeunt.

1st. *Soldier.* If this same salvage chit were whitewashed now,
She'd look the very picture of Christine,
A peasant girl I knew down in Cognac,
'Tis true Christine was rather fat and squab,
And, I bethink me now, was bandy-legged,
While this wild jade is slender as a reed,
And on her pins stands like a fogleman.

2nd *Sold.* What, dumpy Christine, Pierre Marron's child?
I know her well, she hath a lovely squint,
And looks two ways for Sundays. This one here
Hath eyes too bright and twice too quick for me.
See that no ill come on't. Those heathen kind
Are deadly cunning, and those quick clear eyes
Mayhap may see things that they should not see.
But vogue la galere boys, 'tis none of ours,
For, as the General's ta'en her by the hand,
Ours is to freely let her come and go.

Scene closes.

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ACT II. SCENE VII.

In the lodge. Iroquois in Council.*

Chaunting the Council Song:

Listen, O listen,
Hodénosaunee.

The Holder of the Heavens,
Taronhiāgon, the Master of Life,
Taounyawatha, Lord of hunting and fishing,
The Spirits of our Fathers from their hunting-grounds
Are here; they listen.

Continue to listen,
Hodénosaunee.

Hiawatha the wise man, Hiawatha the lover of peace,
Tehkarihkoken, Sharenhowané,
Tehyonkehkwen, Shadekarihwādé,
They are our Fathers, they are the name-bearers,
And they listen.

Continue to listen, etc.

Aged Chief. High Chiefs and Warriors, Councillors and Braves,
The strength and wisdom of the leading clan
Of our great nation, Hodénosaunee,
The clan of Bear! a danger threatens us:
Our enemies have come out of the sea,
In number many, in long-winged canoes,
Bearing the thunder-fire. What seek they here?
They seek to take from us our hunting-grounds,
And drive us inland back among the hills,
Or chase us westward to the Uttawa.
Speak now the words of wisdom, Lowering Eye!

Lowering Eye. My voice is war! exterminating war!
These are the men who, scarce eight days† gone by,
Carried away our father Donacōnā,

* I do not know Iroquois, and if I did, probably the reader would not. Please, therefore, to regard this as translation or paraphrase of what the Braves really did say.

† Years.

And hold him captive, though they say he died.
These whites are armed with thunder, — in the open
Their shafts strike far, but not in the thick woods;
Trees are our friends, and stop the flying balls,
Shadows fight for us and disturb their aim,
They cannot swim as we the running streams,
They cannot stalk like heron in the marsh,
Their march is like a moving face o' rock,
And quite unfit to follow on our trail,
They walk together like a living wall,
While we, at need, disperse like flying leaves.
Exterminating war, then! I have spoken!

Aged Chief. If war comes we will meet it to the death.
But then our happiness will be destroyed;
We could not go out on our hunting trails
And leave our women to these ravishers.
Shrewd policy should take the place of strength.
When a chief dies we give our choicest furs
Of mink and martin, wolf and bear and beaver.
These white men seek for furs; let us collect
A general stock of fur, and then propose
To buy from them their tubes of thunder-fire,
Thus could we conquer all the neighboring tribes;
With these invaders we would keep the peace
Only till we could league the other tribes,
And then united drive our foes to sea.
I know not if these men that have come here
Be all their tribe, — perchance such may not be,
And, if not so, they may bring from their land
A multitude in many war-canoes;
Though but few now they are good warriors,
And better have concord with them than war;
Let us treat with them till the time shall come
To take up the war-hatchet. I have spoken.

Young Men. The Aged Chief hears the leaves rustle. Ugh!
His ears are open to the wood-owls' hoot.
The White Chief is the knife-arm of his tribe,

The heart, the will, the life-blood and the head,
All that they do and say He says and does ;
Take off the head and the whole body dies,
A knife-thrust or a hurled axe will do it.

Low. Eye. My voice is with the young men.

All (in approval). Haihai!

A Brave. We will pull up a pine,— paint the axe red!

All, Haihai!

Aged Chief. Let us go see this Chief;
He promises safe conduct, and 'tis said
That, being Royaner,* he keeps his word.
Our Councillors will talk with him. Young men!
Keep you within an easy arrow-flight,
But, on your lives, without my special leave,
No axe be hurled nor a bow be drawn.
Wampum-keeper! you can talk white tongue
As taught to you by the half-pale trapper
Who fled to us from the first white man's ship,
And whom we have adopted in our tribe;
I do not wish that *he* should speak with white,
Lest that his speech be false.

Wampum-bearer. I will speak truth,
The voice of the Red Man shall be with me.

Council breaks up.

* Noble.



ACT II. SCENE VIII.

Roberval's quarters. Enter Missionary and two Religieuses.

Missionary. Excellency, we have come to make report.

Roberval. Grace to all.

How fares it with our souls?
Have you made any converts 'mong my villains?
Two of them have been insubordinate —
Two thorough knaves, Galloys and Jehan de Nantes —
They will be hanged to-morrow. Make their peace.

Miss. Those wretches are impenitent; they scoff
And set aside our most attentive cares,
Still, what soul's peace is left them shall be made.
Among the other criminals I rejoice
To find a slight awakening, slight as yet,
But not without some feeble traits of grace:
Mue has learned all the penitential psalms,
Huroc of Languedoc can say his prayers,
Coupgorge admits that he is sinful man,
And several others whose dull memories
Unfit them to remember godly words,
Promise much when their prison shall be done
Provided that I use my influence
To gain some relaxation of their toil,
And some slight emendation in their fare,
For, truly, when a man is overworked
And underfed, his mind is little keen
To spend his surplus force on sacred things.

Rob. Speak of these matters to the Sieur d'Auxillon.
And for our honest settlers, how fare they?

Miss. The blessing, sure, of heaven will rest on them,
The female portion do their duties well,
And miss no chance of holy services.
The honest men, too, do the best they can,
But, with their heavy labor all day long

In this enervating, relaxing clime,
It often happens, I regret to note,
That in the midst of my most touching themes
And candid exhortation for their good,
Their eyes grow heavy and they fall asleep.
Such toil's effect, for to no other cause
Can I attribute their strange weariness.

Rob. Most likely you have right divined the cause.

Miss. We have hopes, fair hopes, in short time to make
Of this New France a model Christian school,
In which the faith shall rule her children, all
Attuned to due obedience, where shall come
No claim of private judgment, no dissent,
And no distraction born of evil times,
For with the sea around us there will be
A thousand leagues 'twixt us and heresy.

Rob. Good father, it is well, for heresy
Ere we're much older surely will provoke
Most cruel wars.

Miss. Such and so may it be,
For in the sacred precepts it is writ
Evil must be put down by power of sword,
For evil cannot dwell with good, and hence
Was organized this settlement to form
A model field for purest Christian work.
Such were the views of our most gracious King.

Rob. His Christian Majesty's exhaustive views
In founding this outlying colony
Are known to me.

Miss. The King is most devout.
Another thing I now would fain submit:
A place of public worship. The rude hut
Temporarily consecrated is too small,
And humble as the stall of Bethlehem.

Rob. True. You will have some marriages ere long,
 With baptisms afterwards, when I have sent
 For two or three shiploads of maids from France
 To turn our bachelors to married men.
 Meantime, as all our families are well housed,
 And their first home sown crops are growing green,
 The whole force of the settlement shall join
 In the erection of a house of God.
 I will present it with a ring of bells
 Cast by the ablest founders of Rouen,
 For I have still some scraps of revenue
 In the exchequer that will pay for them;
 It will be sweet to all of us again
 To hear the carillon.

Further report?

Miss. Father Geronymus (a saintly soul)
 Hath made a solemn vow to sweet St. Anne
 To leave the college walls and to expend
 His few remaining years in solitude,
 And with his aged hands he hath fenced in
 A little garden and commodious cave
 On a green terrace of this beetling cliff,
 And will retire there as an anchorite.

Rob. A good and pious act, and yet, methinks,
 All special land grants come direct from me,
 But, as it is in our Religion's cause,
 I will confirm the site that he has ta'en;
 Further, I pray you, fathers, take in charge
 That such poor comforts as his vows permit
 Be well provided for the holy man.

Continue, sirs.

Miss. The garrison have need of all our prayers.
 These soldiers try our patience past remede.
 They are mere sons of Belial, heaven-forsook,
 They brawl and swagger, gamble, howl and swear,
 And are exempt from touch of modesty.
 'Tis very sad. Let us in charity

Think 'tis their bringing up and not their fault.
Specially those who fought in Flanders' wars
Have brought back with them coarse Low Countries' oaths,
With which they interlard their expletives.
Would it be possible by rules of war
To order that no man shall swear at all?
Or if it be a part of discipline
That they *must* swear, could it not be arranged
That they shall imprecate by milder saints,
As Martha, Bridget and the Cologne nuns,
Or, males, by Pius, John, or St. Eloy?
Thus would the rough edge of their talk be smoothed,
And their demeanor very much improved.

Rob. The subject shall be well and duly weighed.

Miss. And now, your Excellency, let me urge
Our special mission in these savage lands
Is to convert the heathen, but as yet
No heathen have come in, and it beseems
You, as the secular arm, to drag them in,
So that they may with reverent thankfulness
Embrace the faith *en masse*, and be baptized,
Failing which it behooves to do on them
The punishment of infidels, and this
It is my sacred mission plain to say.
These holy dames will further predicate.

1st Religieuse. May't please Your Excellency, thus it is:
That we poor sisters, vowed to holy vows,
Are used to take our lives within our hands,
And spend our strength in heaven's holy cause,
And specially our mission is towards
The feeble sisters of our weaker sex,
That they in pious grace may be made strong.
These forest heathen are our destined care,
And Mary aid our efforts. Among them
There must be salvage women, else, I think,
It is not likely would be salvage men.

These heathen women we request of you.
With joy we should accompany your wars
If it would better serve to bring them in.

Rob. Rest you content, for we shall go anon
To hold some parley with these sauvages,
And, as you say, there must be womankind
Of some sort, else there could not well be men,
They shall be handed to you bodily
To do your mission on, and, well I ween,
Their souls will be ten times the whiter for
Your pious ministrations, gentle nuns.

2nd Relig. No less did we expect at your kind hand.
There is a savage maiden who comes here —

Rob. Aye, what of her?

1st Relig. She is means to an end.
Her errands here can scarce be commendable,
Yet she can deftly aid our mission work;
Pray have her seized when next she comes again,
And given over to our sisterhood,
Where she shall be placed under discipline,
And after short novitiate may be
Sent as an emissary to her tribe,
By name of Martha Bridget Ursula.

Rob. Trebly euphonious, and appropriate
As "chick-a-bid" would be to a young eagle.

Miss. Sir, 'tis your bounden duty so to do.

Rob. Not you, but I command this Colony.
I will not have this girl converted. No!

Miss. The care and cure of souls are ours alone.

Rob. I will take this one's soul in mine own hands.
What would you have? The Christian graces are
Modesty, credulence and faithfulness,
A touch of gratitude, a sense of truth,

And some dependence on the deity.
She has them all. She shall not be converted.

(Enter Ohnāwa.)

Come hither, child. Tell me, Ohnāwa 'mie,
Wilt thou abjure thy god, give up thy faith,
And be baptized for Him who died on tree,
The Christian Three-in-one ?

Ohn.

The Great Spirit,

Master of Life, is good ; He sends the rain
And sun that makes the yellow corn to grow,
And, when the ice breaks up, makes fish to swim,
And game return at time of opening leaves.
We are the creatures of His unseen hand.
Our God has never died, but lives. We hear
His whispered orders speaking in our hearts,
And, though he knows, to show we reverence him
We cast shells in the streams and burn sweet weeds ;
In war our warriors offer sacrifice.
He loves the Red Men. When the lamp goes out
From forth our bodies, if we do His will
He will relight the light of life again,
And lead us to the happier hunting woods.

Miss. Blasphemous ! Huguenot ! idolatrous !

The outcrop of a damnable heresy !
Viceroy, beware ! and learn this thing from me,
That he who can and stamps not out the sin
Shares in the crime and courts the punishment ;
This savage, infidel as any Jew,
Is thrice accursed in that by heathen spells
She hath imposed on the King's officer, —
This will bring on us incensed heaven's ire,
And vengeance down on her protector's head.

Rob. Be it. Adieu, in Christian charity.

(Exeunt Missionary and Religieuses.)

(*To attendant.*) Summon the chief surgeon hither.

(Enter Doctor ; also D'Auxillon.)

Dominie, here 's a subtle chance for thee,
Thou art disciple of Jerome Cardan
The Paduan, and I have heard thee say
That thou hast seen the very manuscript
Of his great work, *Ars Magna*. See these stones,
Collected by a messenger of mine,
Say which are gold? which silver? and which gems?
Which anything of untold mineral wealth?
This one is surely good.

Doctor (after a pause).

I do opine

These chips are valueless. The reason why?
Whoever first created all the rocks
Did it by means of fire. Hence founders' art
Requires retort, aludel, crucible,
To segregate the metal from the clay
By calcination and by sublimation,
Without which not in moulds will metals run.
The masters teach all metals are composed
Of three intrinsical component parts:
Salt from the water, sulphur from the air,
And living mercury from out the earth;
Wherefore it seems this country is too young.
The baser metals, brass, lead, copper, tin,
Have not had time to fuse and crystallize,
And transmute into gold. In time they may.
As to the flux of the metallurgists —

Rob. Pass we these formulæ of Paracelsus,
Basil Valentine and the alchemysts.
Gold, gold, I ask for. What this specimen?

Doct. This I should say is brass.

Rob.

Is brass found pure?

Doct. 'Tis rather rare. Here is a tiny speck
Of silver pure, and this is copper ore
Bedded *in situ*. This, I think, is lead,
And all the rest are iron.

Rob. Past belief !
 The subject metals and not find their king,
 The sovereign of them all ! What rock is this ?

Doct. This is pyrites of magnetic iron.

Rob. And this is ?

Doct. Meteoric iron stone.

Rob. This shining crystal, — is it emerald ?

Doct. Sulphate of the peroxides of iron.

Rob. Hold ! here is one has tinge of gold. It is ?

Doct. Botryoidal sphærosiderit of iron.

Rob. Perdition seize Albertus Magnus' slang !
 Is there *no* gold ?

Doct. Yes, in this river sand
 Here is gold powder. Doubtless 'twill be found
 In summer torrents coming from the hills
 And higher country, but in many streams,
 As in the brooks that swell the Rhône and Rhine,
 Such golden grains are found.

D' Auxillon. In quantity ?

Doct. In particles.

Ohn. These be but worthless things.
 Chief, dost thou care to seek such childish toys ?
 To us they are more valueless indeed
 Than the same quantity of sea-beach sand.

Rob. Peace, infant ! we have passed the age of stone,
 Also of bronze ; we've missed the golden age,
 And seem to have come on the age of iron.

Ohn. I know where thou can'st gather wigwams full
 Of these same shining gauds, — but far away.

All. Ha !

Ohn. Twenty summer days by swift canoe
 If thou dost follow straight the sunset line,

There is an ocean, but the water fresh,
Where are great rocks all made of this, — and this.

All. Silver and copper!

Ohn. And then come the plains,
And then the mighty stream, father of streams,
That flows to left-hand of the evening sun,
And reaches a far country by the sea;
Red men there, who are not of our full kin,
But make their knives and arrow-heads of this —

All. Gold!

Ohn. White men in ships have come there and made war.

All. Cortes and Pizarro!

Rob. (excited). Ohnāwa, when thou cam'st to visit me
Thou said'st thou could, with sliver on the sand,
Trace out a line of march. Here, take this pen,
This paper, mark on it this fresh-waved sea,
This mighty river and this land of gold.
(Ohnāwa takes paper.)

Thanks, Doctor, for your service. Now, adieu.
(Exit Doctor; Ohnāwa gives Roberval plan.)

Thou art my very guiding angel, child.
See here, Lieutenant: a great chain of lakes —
A water-course straight to the silver mines;
Nay, better (leaving out a breadth of land —
March of a week or two), we tap the stream
Will float flotillas to the Spanish main.
A dream of empire opens. I will give
Ten years, no more, before the fleur-de-lys
Shall flower alone o'er all this Continent,
And shame for aye Castille's red-blazoned towers.
We have the means. D'Auxillon, you and I
Know what with wood and iron can be done;
Iron grows here it seems, ship-timber too,
The gold grows elsewhere.

Kiss me, Ohnāwa.

ACT II. SCENE IX.

The fort. Roberval, D'Auxillon and officers.

Roberval. By the way, D'Auxillon, our Indian friends
Are innocent as serpents; they come here
In force to-day to make complaint of grievance.
Admit the first six, then close fast the gate,
Get the men under arms and train the guns.
Useless, perhaps, but it can do no harm.

(Enter six delegates of the Iroquois with interpreter.)

Are ye the sachems and the warriors
Of the brave friendly nation Iroquois?
Come ye in amity? If so, well come;
If otherwise, let us hold Council here.

Interpreter. These are the Council Ho-dé-no-sau-nee.
This the Great Sagamore, the agéd pine
On which have birds of wisdom built their nests
Since age grew on him like the evening grey;
This the great war-chief Lowering Eye, a chief
Upon whose lintel flutter many scalps;
These are great warriors, bravest of our braves
In war, and sagest at the Council fire;
I am great prophet and a medicine man.

Rob. (to Sagamore.) What would my royal brother of the woods?
Full powers are given me in our great King's name
To hear, receive, dismiss and grant petitions
And to adjudicate on all affairs.

Lowering Eye. The pale-faced men have slain our forest deer.

Rob. Deer have been slain, the garrison required it.

Low. Eye. All the deer in the woods belong to us.

Rob. I think not, Indian. All game is the King's.

Low. Eye. Hunters from out your camp hunt on our paths,
And as their thunder-claps roll through the woods
The deer pricks up its ears and flees away,

The woodgrouse hide the closer in the boughs,
The cranes rise heavily from out the swamp
And soar high in the air with warning croak,
The porcupine dives down into its hole,
And the tired hunter finds no bird to kill
Nor beast at which to aim an arrowshaft,
But chiefly comes destruction on the deer
Your thunder-arrows oftener wound than kill.

Rob. Something in that, perhaps,—those musketoons
Are rather heavy for quick sight at deer.
Go on, Indian. (*To officers.*) Think you, messieurs,
We ever shall be civilized enough
To have a hunting-day with horn and hound,
And sound tra-la-la in Canadian woods
As we were wont to do at Fontainebleau?

Pont Briant. I should say not. The underbrush is thick.

Rob. Some of these days, when other work permits,
I shall have allées cut for hunting paths
And try our skill again at venerie.
Apropos, when this conference is done
We will go see the dogs. Indian, proceed.

Low. Eye. Our young men's blood is warm; it scalds their veins.

(As Lowering Eye speaks he stealthily draws nearer to Roberval, who
takes a pistol in his hand.)

Rob. Interpreter, advise this acrobat
Who has such splendidly developed thews
And such a vast command of countenance,
That I have noted his two stealthy steps;
The next pace in advance will be his last.
Put it in poetry,—say I'm aware
The panther glides before he makes his spring.

Interp. to L. E. Be wary, warrior. Our surprise has failed.
This white chief is a fox and on his guard.
Speak with a cunning tongue. His arm is long.
He notes thee creeping nearer him,—deny it.

Low. Eye. The war-chief Lowering Eye is not a cat
To creep before he springs.

Rob. Friend Lowering Eye,
Thy godfathers, and eke thy godmothers,
Did well to call thee so, for by my troth
I never saw so villainous face on man.

Interp. The war-chief would be friendly with the Whites,
Hunt with them in the leafy forest depths,
And bring the agile young men of his tribe
To play their games of ball around the fort.

Rob. I have no faith in this interpreter,
But have a strong desire to lop his ears;
Methinks he carries treachery in his face
And seems to cover some concealed design
Of these deep savages.

D'Auzillon. So think I, too.

Rob. Hark, warriors! If our nations would be friends
My brothers' lips must speak the words of truth.
The Palefaces are not like Iroquois,
But love to gather trinkets for their squaws.
Show them the metal.

(They show them a gold coin, which they look at impassively.)

You know where this grows,
You note its traces in your hunting-fields
And see its sparkles in your river sands.
Come, we will trade for this; you shall have beads,
Cloth, mirrors, knives for all that you bring in.
So shall we dwell in peace and amity,
And Palefaces shall be the Red Man's friends.

Low. Eye. The eyes of warriors look not on such gaud;
We know naught of it.

Rob. Verily, my friend?
That flat denial comes too trippingly.
Now, Sachem, Warrior, Chief, or Sagamore,
Hear me! and answer truly on thy peril,—

How far the journey towards the setting sun
Ere you can reach the wide freshwater seas
And the great river, father of all streams ?

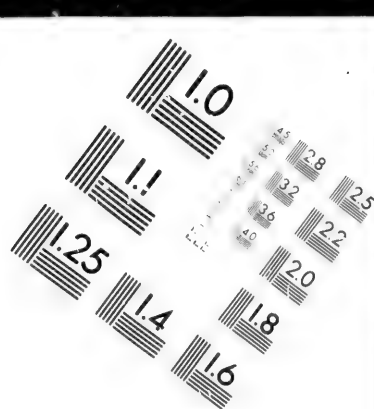
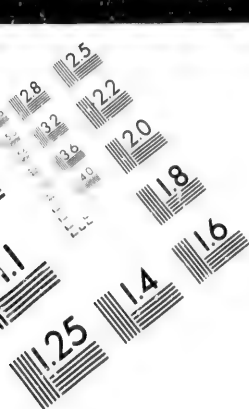
Low. Eye. The forest stems are thick, we cannot see,
The shadows darken in our young men's eyes,
They see no great seas 'mid their hunting grounds.

Rob. How he equivocates ! he ought to be
A councillor of the Parliament of Paris.
Now, mark me, Savage ! my Sage dreamed a dream
That towards the sunset is a line of seas,
And on them dwell a fierce and warlike race,
Enemies of the Iroquois.

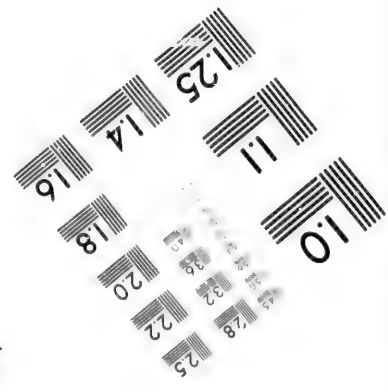
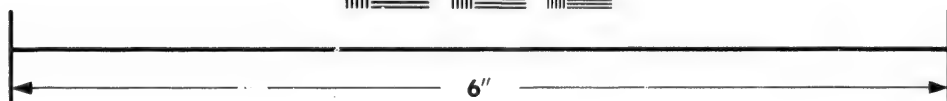
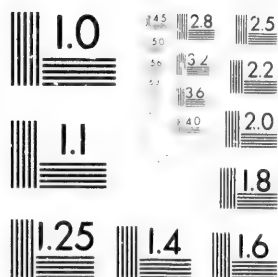
Indians (endeavoring to suppress astonishment). Mohawk !

Rob. Then my old Wise Man dreamed a further dream.
He dreamed the Council of the Iroquois
Had used the tongue of women, and had lied ;
And then the Palefaces' war-manitou
Sent a commandement to me, White Chief,
To make alliance with this fierce sea-tribe,
Lend them war-thunder, and together join
To sweep from off the earth the Iroquois.

Aged Chief. The words of my White Brother are in wrath ;
Our mission now is peaceful. Will the Chief
Leave us in peace our farther hunting grounds ?
Within a three days' march the Chief's young men
Through all the woodland shall go hunt with ours,
Beyond that line the white man shall not come,
Because his thunder scares away the game.
Agree, and the war-hatchet shall be buried,
The belts of wampum shall be given in gift,
And all the braves shall smoke the pipe of peace ;
Our hunters shall bring in much vension,
And soon your men will have more food than now.
The Paleface nation are great warriors,
They hurl the thunder-balls that kill afar ;
The Iroquois will be the White Man's friend,
And buy from him the thunder, for much furs,



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And the two thunder-nations shall be one.
This done, the nation Ho-dé-no-sau-nee,
As a peace-token to the great White Chief,
Will give a boy and girl.

Rob. We have boys enough ;
Boys are a nuisance till they grow to men,
And may be spies withal. And for the girl,
Will you give me Ohnāwa ?

(Signs of dissatisfaction.)

Sagamore, your request is natural,
But, none the less, it is impossible,
For this half of the world is wholly ours,
And all belongs to Francis, King of France ;
Ye are his subjects, and your lives must be
Conformed to the requirements of his State.

Aged Chief. We ask but peace on our far hunting grounds.
Is this request refused ?

Rob. It is refused !

Aged Chief. Chieftain ! when the Great Spirit made the earth
And gave it to all men to dwell thereon,
He placed the Paleface by the rising sun,
And set great seas to keep him in his place.
To His Red Sons he gave these forest wilds
And meted out to each his hunting bound ;
To Ho-dé-no-sau-nee He gave these woods
Along the river where your rock-fort stands ;
There have our tribe been born, there they have died,
And there have stood the lodges of our sires ;
Our dead lie 'neath the trees in mossy mounds,
On which our women sing their funeral wails.
Why do ye come to drive us from our homes ?
There is not room enough for us and you.
We cannot, when our young ones ask for food,
Tell them that strangers have driven game away,
And that they claim to own our hunting lands.
We do not know this robber King of France,
And will not bow consent to him or you.
The white man's carbines have a deadly aim,

And soon will smite our ill-armed archer bands ;
 But we will take the war-path, nor make peace,
 Nor ever lay the red war-hatchet down
 Until our wigwam fires are quenched in blood,
 Nor while one arm has strength to draw the bow.
 We here are few before you : take our scalps,
 But be our last act to cast at your feet
 The war defiance of the Iroquois.

(Casts down a bundle of arrows enveloped in a snake skin. Guards handle arms, officers half draw swords; Roberval restrains them by a gesture. Indians stand firm.)

Rob. Sathanus seize me, Chief, but thou art noble !

I take thy gage as of a worthy foe,
 And these shall be our articles of war :
 War is between your tribe and the King's troops,
 But hurt shall not fall on my settlers' homes
 Nor yet on your non-fighting villages.
 But note ! for every unarmed Frenchman's scalp
 Taken by your young men in stealth or war
 I shall take ten, and for a woman's twenty,
 And for all children fifty. These shall be
 Nailed ignominiously on hangman's pole,
 As we would hang up trophies of the wolf.
 As for the fort : we're hospitable here,
 Drop in at any time *sans ceremonie*,
 It is not *de rigueur* to leave a card.
 Go free, my foes. These arrows and that snake
 Have a commercial and artistic worth
 That shall be paid for.

Give these delegates
 A roll of scarlet cloth to cheer their squaws
 When fashionable widows. Au revoir !
Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

May 1543. The Fort. Enter Roberval and Jean Alfonse.

Roberval. Most worthy Pilot, now that we have given
Our Colonists a year to test their fate,
The time has come to open my sealed orders
In strictest confidence between us twain.
D'Auxillon, as my second in command,
And my successor if perchance I die,
Is made aware of what these orders are.
I, he and you and none else but the King.
Jean Alfonse you have had experience
In exploration of these new world shores,
Have passed the region where the shadow makes
A circle round the object at high noon,
Have run far southward, and have seen new stars,
Proving thereby the earth's rotundity.
Now tell me hath it ever crossed your mind
That on that southern coast the channel lies
That gives a navigable way to Ind?
Might there not be in some low wooded shore
A strait that cuts the continent in two?
Or might not some fiord among the hills
By tortuous passage stretch between the seas?
Such might be, yet not be observable
On hasty survey. Saw you no such strait
You might mistake for a far-stretching bay?
No narrow inlet running far inland
That yet might be an open channel-way?
Think well. It is important that I know.
Our orders are to find this water track, —
For track there is, — that leads us to Cathay.
Now, Pilot, answer categorically:
In your opinion is there any strait,
Passage, or channel that divides the land
To let ships penetrate from sea to sea,
On all the coast from the most southern point

That you have touched, up to this northern Gulf
We call St. Lawrence? Answer, yea or nay.

Jean Alfonse. In my opinion, definite, well-weighed,
And after diligent searching, there is none.
In my first voyage, called "adventurous,"
Off a south coast that has for name Brezil,
We sudden ran into an ocean stream
Some sixty leagues in width, six knots an hour
Straight from the land. "Gloria!" then cried I,
"I've found the lane between the East and West!"
But lo! our buckets brought up water fresh.
Then did I with much labor beat in shore,
And found the entrance to a mighty stream,
Itself a sea, its shores invisible,
Doubtless the mouth of that vast river which
Takes its rise somewhere near here in New France,
The which the Indian girl hinted at
And said the Sire of Waters was its name.
Northward along a line of mountains runs
A chain of sharp jagged fangs like teeth of sharks,
On peak of one of which Balboa stood
And saw two oceans lying at the base.
But 'tis not there to seek the channel-way.
Leaving the vasty Bay of Islands where
The palm trees seem to root in the green sea,
North past the Cape of Florida, still north,
And on and on past many dented shores,
The which we searched as well as search we might,
Till our course ended in a cul-de-sac,
Where the fierce tides came rushing in a bore
Full twenty metres high, there is no strait
Nor inlet where a passage-way may be;
Then, rounding a rough-edged peninsula,
We came into this noble Gulf or Bay
We call St. Lawrence's. And we are here.

Rob. Good Pilot, those grey eyes of yours are keen,
Your explorations able, and I hear

Will soon be put in shape in printed book,
And issued with the privilege of the King.

J. Alf. Three friends of mine — Messers. Vincent Aymard
And Maugis Vumenot, warm merchants both,
With my old mate and comrade on the main,
Oliver Bisselin — have the log in hand.

Rob. And is it true Mellin de Saint Gelais,
The Anjou poet, has attuned his lyre
To sing your fame that "twenty and twenty years
Has filled all Neptune's thousand, thousand seas"?

J. Alf. (laughs). They say so. 'Tis the fashion of the sea.
Cartier writes ballads, and if fame speak true
Your Excellency also woos a muse.

Rob. Arma virumque cano, Jean Alfonse.

J. Alf. No doubt. Not being clerkly, cannot say.

Rob. Now to our task. Here are Jacques Cartier's charts.
Here is the strait you call the Saguené, —
You tell me that five hundred fathoms line
Can reach no bottom, — which I well believe,
Because it is a cleft between the seas,
An earthquake's rent down to the world's core.
Why should there be a gateway and no road?
Yet here a mountain stands with iron jaws
Most grandly cut to let grand navies in,
And you will find the passage widen out
From straits into broad-stretching water plains,
And great seas in the bosom of the hills.
Nature is duplex, she ne'er breaks the mould,
And with one specimen is ne'er content,
What she has once done well she does again
But betters on it. Look around and see!
The Mediterranean wants but thirty leagues
To join the sea where Pharaoh's hosts were drowned,
And, by my faith, I think those thirty leagues
Should be a station where our galley slaves
With shovels should dig out a channel-way,

And, 'faith again, our France will some day do it,
And put a toll-bar on that route to Ind!
There are the fiords of Norway, which you know, —
The Skager, Drontheim, Tana, Porsanger,
Besides Lofföden where the kraken swims,
A little more and Scandinavia
Would be an island. Pilot! I believe
Those inland seas the girl told us of
Are but the reaches of the Saguené,
And the vast current she called "sire of streams"
Is but the outer opening to the west;
It cannot be it holds a southern course,
With a mouth somewhere on the eastern coast, —
No such embouchure met you on your cruise?
You saw it not; and so it cannot be.
No! the great highway to the Orient
That the world seeks is here in our new France, —
Seek it, my Pilot! find it! you and I
May then say our life's mission is fulfilled.
. . . . But how now? Friend, is't possible I see
Something akin to doubt steal o'er your brow?

J. Alf. Viceroy, you to command, I to obey.
There may be, — say there is, — a channel-way
Unused since the creation of the world;
In course of centuries, milleniums,
Sand may have silted, bars formed, portages
Filled in, and ledges worn to waterfalls.
Still we shall search if it be possible.

Rob. Use not the word, Jean Alfonse! mind of man
In wildest flight of fancy dares not say
That anything can be impossible!
Possible or not, we will find the way, —
The readier if 'tis called impossible.
What equipage and transport can we spare?

J. Alf. One guiding ship and seven lesser barques,
Which will require a strength of seventy men.

Rob. Victual and fit out for a six months' cruise,
Lay in supplies for regulation wants
To which I'll make it mine to add a store
Of such small comforts as we yet have left.
On what day will your sailing flag be up?

J. Alf. Please God, next week, say June the seventh day. Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE II.

End of June. Same place. Roberval and Ohnāwa.

Roberval. Ohnāwa, my wild bird, I thought thou'dst flown.

Ohnāwa. And so I had, across the rushing sea.

Rob. Whither away? to seek a likely mate
Among thy nomad nation's plumaged braves?

Ohn. Many young warriors seek for Ohnāwa;
Many would fill for her a lodge with furs,
And chief of seekers is the Lowering Eye,
Cunning as old grey fox, sullen as bear,
Watchful as kingfisher or master-crow,
Secret as is the gallery-mining rat,
Hungry as wolf, silent as wing of owl,
Deadly as black snake at the gendering time,
And jealous as is dog of master's praise.
He hates my father and he hateth thee,
And, scheming to be chief, means to surprise
This fort and massacre thy people.

Rob. Ha!

Ohn. He held a secret council, where he said
The old Chief's daughter is the White Man's friend,
Let not a curlew whistle of our plans
Else she will learn and tell them to our foe,
And if she tells she dies.

Rob. That shall she not,

Ohn. He knew that thou wert sending out thy ships,
Counted the cannon, learned how many men,
And fitted out a fleet of war canoes,
Sailed, and lay by some forty leagues away
In secret hiding-place to seize the ships.

Rob. Ohnāwa, thou knew'st this, and told me not!

Ohn. Would'st thou have had me bring wrath on my tribe?

Rob. Is it too late?

Ohn. Alone in my canoe
I sailed before him down the Gulf. I knew
The place of rendezvous. I have been there.
Your ships are sailing peaceful on the sea
And he hath missed his chance.

Rob. Brave Ohnāwa!

Ohn. I came upon a little rocky isle
And lay close in the shadow of the shore
Until thine eight ships should come sailing by,
And there a strange thing happened :
On the beach
I saw a white squaw gathering weeds for food ;
Weary and weak and ragged she did seem.
I landed and spoke with her. She had been
Left with her nurse and husband on the isle.
These both had died, and she with her bare hands
Had scraped the sand and buried them. Herself
Would have died soon. I took her straight aboard,
Spread my wing, sailed out and soon met the ships
And gave her to them. Then they edged away,
Escaped the snare the Lowering Eye had set,
And went upon their voyage merrily.
Soon with a slant of wind my course I shaped,
And lo! am here.

Rob. Confusion! this is fate, —
The destiny that upsets the plans of man.
Thou know'st not thou hast done me ill, Ohnāwa,
And, innocent, hast wrought me much annoy.
Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE III.

The settlement. Midsummer fair. Settlers, male and female, sitting or strolling about. Passepartout, Picot, and others.

Passepartout. Good Father Goriot, upon my word,
Younger than when I saw him at Rochelle!
How dost, good father? is it well with thee?
How is it with the son and little lad?
Hast thou had fruit yet from the cider trees?
How has it been with thee in thine affairs?

Pere Goriot. All has gone nicely, my fine gentleman;
My son is dead, Pierre, my son; yes, yes.
This is my little lad, my grandson lad.
My monies are all safe here in my pouch,
All safe and sound for little Pierrot.

Girls (coaxingly). Come, sing us now a song, Pere Goriot;
Your cheeks are red as winter apples' cheeks,
And then your nice white hair. Sing! do, now, please.

Pere G. (sings, quaveringly).

De nous se rit le François;
Mais vraiment, quel qu'il en die,
Le sidre de Normandie.
Vaut bien son vin quelquefois.
Coule à val, et loge, loge!
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.*

Passe. Cease, cease your demi-semi-quavering,
In mercy spare us further. I will sing.
Sentimental, mademoiselles? eh, girls?

(Sings grotesquely).

Quant ung cordant
Veult corder ung corde,
En cordant trois cordons
Et une corde accorde;
Et se l'ung des cordons
De la corde descorde,
Le cordon descorde
Fait descorder la corde.†

*From vaux-de-vire of Olivier Basselin,—not Jean Alfonse's shipmate.

†Allain Chartier.

1st Girl. So rich ! so sweet ! does it mean anything ?

Passe. Thou know'st it doth ; it means that thou art fair.

1st Girl. It means not me, for I am nutty brown ;
But Brunette is a color washes well.

Passe. Brunette to me is rosier than the rose
And whiter than the lily.

2nd Girl. It means me
If that is what it means.

Passe. It means you both,
The blonde bloom and the olive, fruit and flower.

1st Girl. How honied is his tongue !

2nd Girl. Quite ravishing.

1st Girl. So handsome, too.

2nd Girl. A full-grown Cupidon.

1st Girl. And sings like a Provençal nightingale.

Passe. Yes, so I do. (*To Picot.*) Brother, this demoiselle
Says thou art handsome.

Picot. Thanks ; which demoiselle ?
She with the ancles ?

2nd Girl. Has she ancles, then ?

1st Girl. Thou know'st I have, thou great web-footed thing.

Passe. Ladies, dear ladies, at the Court of France,
Wherein I learned the rules of courtesey,
One would not use words of the bourgeoisie,
But thou, my dear, would take this other dear
In fond embrace, and kiss, and whisper "Dear
Don't mind it if thy limbs are knitting-pins."
What is thy name, my belle, my fleur-de-lys ?

1st Girl. My name is plain Lolotte.

Passe. Not plain, I vow.
And thou, fair other damsel of the limbs ?

2nd Girl. La Gueusette.*

Passe. My little pitcher,
Hast thou long ears ? Tell me, which is thy mouth ?
(Kisses her).

*Gueusette means a pitcher.

2nd Girl. 'Tis an offence.

Passe. A capital offence.

Picot (advancing). Delightful!

2nd Girl. Hold! one brother is enough.

1st Girl. We know you both as gentlemen of the fort,
But not your names.

Passe. I am called Maître Picot.

Picot. I'm called, for short, young *Sieur Passepartout*,
Old *Passepartout*'s son,—whom God assoilize.

Girls. A dance! a dance!

Passe. The branles of Gascony.
(Lively music and dance).

Enter Roberval and staff. People crowd around and exhibit various products.

People. Vive the Viceroy, vive!

Roberval. Dear Colonists,

This festal fair of varied industries
In its completeness does astonish me;
You who have been so short time in the land
Have conferred honor on yourselves by this,
And show at once your industry and skill.
For all our blessings let us thank kind Heaven,
The more so, that, although our lives be rough,
The Colony has suffered not in health.

What's this: some skilful products of the forge?
Let me examine them. I like them much.
Success of new communities depends
In a great measure on the armorer,
Because the ploughshare and the sword are twins.
Furs!—an assortment rich and valuable;
These are the staple of the colony,
In worth already they exceed our imports,
And by this traffic we shall all grow rich
In course of time,—but every man is rich
Who has, with house and clothes, enough to eat.
Come bye-and-by, when we have moved apace,
We'll organize our *courriers-des-bois*

And here and there establish trading posts
To gather peltry from the savages.
Pursue this traffic! hunt the fur-bearers,
Kill them in season only, dress them well,
Emulate if you can Simon the tanner.
Mesdames, is there not a nursery rhyme
Which says that cher papa has gone away
To flay a wolf (I think it was a wolf)
To wrap mama's dear baby bunting in?

(The women laugh.)

From all these piles of wolfskins I surmise
You all mean to sleep warm o' winter nights.
And here are coverlets, like mosaic work,
All stitched in squares by women's patient fingers;
In truth for all colonial purposes
An honest woman armed with a needle
Is worth more than a soldier armed with sword.
Linen and woollen yarn and homespun cloth,—
Reminding me of bleaching by the brook
And droning music of the spinning wheel.
I recommend you farmers to raise flocks,
The soil, the climate, and nutritious grass
Are well adapted to that industry,—
The woolly people are the farmers' friends;
Sheep are most generous of all quadrupeds,
And yearly give their coats as well as young.
What have we in these flasks here: oil, and honey?
The oil is fish oil, and the honey, maple.
John Baptist's self could live here if he would.
Although, I'm glad to say, we have no locusts,
Yet virgin honey grows wild in our woods,
And food-fish swim up to our frontages.
Above all, men, pursue the fisheries;
We shall have saltpans dug without delay,
And send our fish to market in French ports,
And for such export our own ships shall bring
Out little luxuries and wives' supplies.
Dairy work, too! these excellent specimens
Recall to me the mild-eyed, dun-skinned kine

Hock-deep in clover pastures by the Soane,
 And little maids in grandmother-like caps
 And kirtles blue, with satchels on their arms,
 In which lay hid the golden butter-pats
 In snow-white napkins and fresh plantain leaves.
 No fruit, of course, save purple heathberries;
 But, patience! we shall, in a year or two,
 Have home-grown cider to quaff with our cheese.
 Cider is Picard wine, and on the tap
 For every wayfarer at cottage doors.
 Furniture!—it really shows great skill
 To frame these very quaint and graceful shapes
 With rough tools out of our hard cabinet woods;
 Tables and chairs are an important fact.
 Cradles, I see! we will do little good
 If we don't each year launch a fleet of cradles, —
 And, hear good news for you! my gay young men,
 I have arranged soon to import from home
 The choicest of all God's commodities,
 A whole shipload of virtuous girls for wives.

(Young men: "Vive! vive!")

These other products of the colony
 All show you are braced up to fight with fate,
 And, mark me well! the man who fights with fate
 And keeps the battle up is sure to win!
 To-day I write our Royal Lord, King Francis,
 And I will send most favorable report
 Of his good subjects here beyond the sea.
 And so good speed us all!

People.

Vive le Roi! Vive Roberval!

(Roberval and staff pass.)

Clerk (apart to Roberval). Sir, I have made a careful estimate,
 As ordered, of the quantity of grain
 Produced on all the farms. Eight months' supply
 Is all that I can make of it.

Rob.

No more?

That would but bring us down to June. Four months'
 Deficiency, and therefore scarcity.

Make out a careful statement of how much
Of grain for seed and food we shall require
Before next crop comes in. Make it exact.
We shall have large supplies from France anon.

Pastor (to people). The golden sunset slants its parting rays,
The shadows deepen to a darker grey,
'Tis time, my hearts, to think of evening praise,
And by the hearth talk of this well-spent day.
Sing we a song appropriate to the clime,
A pleasant homely song of twilight time.

TWILIGHT SONG.

The mountain peaks put on their hoods,
Good night!
And the long shadows of the woods
Would fain the landscape cover quite,—
The timid pigeons homeward fly,
Scared by the whoop owl's eerie cry,
Whoo-oo! whoo-oo!
As like a fiend he flitteth by;
The ox to stall, the fowl to coop,
The old man to his nightcap warm,
Young men and maids to slumbers light,—
Sweet Mary, keep our souls from harm!
Good night! good night!

All going (singing diffusedly).

Good night!

Good night!

Good night!

Scene closes.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

The fort. Roberval and D'Auxillon.

Roberval. Friend Paul, we now are at the turning point,
The very touch and crisis of our fortune;
Had we one year more we should do right well,
Our colony would then be self-sustaining.
These worthy people who have left French homes

To found a nation in an unknown world
Knew very little what they were about.
At best some vague idea blinded them,
Some misty thought of a new Arcadie,
Where milk and honey flowed throughout the land,
Not deeming that they'd have to toil for it
And spend their strength in grubbing-up huge trees;
But, being here, they have addressed themselves
With energy and patience to their task,
And having made commencement sturdily,
They will succeed,—'tis the first step that cuts.
The partial clearings made by Cartier's men
Have been worked up and sown with wheat and rye,
Which seem to prosper and bid fair to yield;
The huts are really snug and waterproof,
And all domestic stock is doing well;
'Tis a beginning and most creditable.
But, mark me, Paul, we do not raise enough;
The whole yield will not give us daily bread;
Yet ills that men foresee men can avoid,
And obviate troubles if addressed in time.
What pleases me, amid anxiety,
Is that the people do enjoy themselves,
And seem to be light-hearted and content.

D'Auxillon. Yes, they seem gay enough. I take some pains
To feel the pulse-beats of the public mien,
And, on the whole, 'tis satisfactory.
I count as nothing constant grumbling,
For that is healthy; when men do not grumble
They're very apt to break out in *emeute*.

Rob. Grumbling is the flood-gate to the dam
And carries off the surcharged waters safely.

D'Aux. The clergy through it all have acted well;
Their prompt and meek administrative aid
Has been most useful. And another thing—
Such of the convicts as you have released
Have settled down each to his handicraft

And try to rehabilitate themselves, —
All which seems odd to me.

Rob. Not odd at all.
Man's conscience may be likened to a plant
Of strong vitality, which dormant lies
Long time, yet oft puts forth new buds and leaves.
A scamp is seldom quite incorrigible,
Yet does he not evade his punishment,
For in his inner breast awakes a pang
Of that dread punishment we call remorse.
Of course one must be careful whom one pardons.
Have you given any thought to our supplies?

D'Aux. In a vague way. Perhaps we have enough.

Rob. No, Paul. Here are schedules, just prepared,
The quantity of grain sown, wheat and rye,
Product per arpent, and the total yield —
It gives us no more than eight months' supply.

D'Aux. That is alarming.

Rob. Not more alarming
Than is another thing that presses on me,
A matter which indeed concerns us all.
From careful records given me by the priests
The death-rate has been high ; yet, as it seemed
To happen in the usual course of things,
It has passed by without attracting notice.
But much I fear this feverish sickliness
May soon become endemic.

D'Aux. Say you so ?
I see no special reason why it should.

Rob. My friend, we rarely know God's special reasons.
Such therefore being the case, D'Auxillon,
I have decided you shall go to France
To bring us out essential requisites.
This mission I will trust to none but you,
Because it needs diplomacy and tact.

D'Aux. My duty is here, or there, or anywhere.

Rob. First, for equipment, you can take two ships,
The barque "Canne," and another, duly manned.
For cargo, there is stock of peltry here,
And that, no doubt, the colonists will ship
Each on his own account for luxuries.
If we could pool it all to purchase grain
It almost would completely meet our need,
But to propose this would cause wild alarm,
And that we must *not* do, whatever haps.
Make your way to St. Malo, thence to Paris.
You know, I think, that we have foes at Court,
Where both the Chancellor and the Admiral
Will do their best to traverse all your aims.
Ignore them! Go apply to the King himself,
For he (God bless him) is our steadfast friend.
Submit these schedules to him; make it plain
That, while the colony is flourishing,
Ere midsummer we shall be scant of food.
These costly wars make it an evil time
To ask for aid, but well am I assured
Our Gracious Sovereign will sympathize
And send us, if he can, the needed aid.
Success attend you. Yet we must provide
Against all hazards; pen-and-ink delay,
Parchment and tape and idle copyists
May make us wish we had made due prevision;
So here are letters to my notary
To hand you over all my private funds.
Should these, when all told, not be large enough,
Then you may sell the smaller of the ships,
And with the proceeds fill the other up.
What we want most, besides supply of grain,
Is ammunition, and some cutting tools.
Moreover, I have promised our young men
To pick them out a score of girls or two,
Stout, broad-beamed women of the rural kind,
Suited for honest, faithful working wives,
And who in shortest time will fill their quivers
As worthy bearing mothers. On this order

The Curé of la Roque will hand them over.
 The due proprieties must be observed,
 Therefore put these expectant brides in charge
 Of two well-recommended ancient nuns.
 We also want more doctors, two or three;
 Promise them surgeons' pay and bring them out,
 We'll keep them whether we have health or no:
 Then with your shipments make a quick return.
 Should you have, as I hope, two ships with you,
 And all be favorable, you can bring
 On your own ship the doctors and the grain,
 On board the other the combustibles—
 I mean the women and the powder kegs.
 Is there ought else? No, I think that is all.

Stay, we have here a convict, Laurent Barbot,
 A very composite scoundrel, as I hear,
 But a good sailor of exceptional skill,
 Take him with you and make the most of him.
 If he conduct himself respectably
 I will remit his sentence on return;
 If he gives trouble, shoot him.

Now let us overhaul our peltry store
 Where are two bales of very choicest furs
 As a slight gift to send to the two Queens.
 The larger, not the finer yet most choice,
 Is for Her Majesty Queen Eleanor,
 Our sovereign,—none the less unlovable.
 The other bale for Queen most lovable,
 Queen of all hearts, Queen Marguerite of Navarre.
 For the King, nothing; he would take no gifts,
 But will be pleased we send his sister one.
 Sure never brother had so sweet a sister,
 And never sister had a nobler brother.
 As for the third one of the Trinity,*
 As she is dead we'll say no more of her.
 When shall you sail?

D'Aux.

Ten days or so from now

Will see us hull down.

* Louise of Savoy,

Rob. As your own valet you can take Picot,
 A knave well noted for two eminent gifts,—
 He makes good coffee and he lies profoundly.
Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE V.

The Fort. Pont Briant; Roberval passing.

Attendant. Two young women wait your Honor's leisure.

Roberval. Pass them to Monsieur de Pont Briant.

Exit Roberval; enter Lolotte and La Gueusette.

Pont Briant. My little darlings! handsome, 'pon my soul!
 Consider me your father, brother, lover,
 Regard me as a hoary-headed priest,
 And tell me all your little peccadilloes.
 Perhaps I ought to give the kiss of peace.
Kisses them.

Lolotte. I want my man.

Pont. What is the wretch's name?

Lol. His name is Monsieur Picot.

La Gue. I want mine.

Pont. Hast thou a man, too? O this world, this world!
 What dost thou call him when he is at home?

La Gue. He is a gentleman, *Sieur Passepartout*.

Pont (holding his sides). O do not kill me! have some mercy, girls!
 This is too overwhelming. *Piquante child,*
 Thy man is now ten leagues upon the sea.

Lol. O horror! (*Screams.*)

La Gue. Where is *Sieur Passepartout*?

Pont. Here in the fort. I'll give him to thee, dear;
 The cost is trifling—half a score of kisses,
 Paid in advance, of course. (*Kisses her.*)
 (*To attendant.*) Call *Passepartout*.

Passepartout enters.

Lol. My Picot!

Passe. Ma'amselle, I am not Picot.

Lol. Mon Dieu! My dear man, wilt thou break my heart?

Passe. No, ma'amselle.

Pont (aside). I spy some mystery here.

I think I see the trick these knaves have played.

Now for a judgment worthy Solomon.

(*To Lolotte.*) Ma'mie, I feel thou hast made good thy claim.

There stands the rascal. Take him for Picot.

Passe. I am not Picot.

Pont (to La Gueusette). Then thou, my little one,

Take him for Passepartout.

La Gue. Not I, indeed!

Pont. Then, my fair clients, I dismiss the case;

But, as the course of justice should be clean,

And there has been an error of the court

In taking up prepayment of the costs,

Duty demands that I refund the fees

With statutory interest on the same.

Attempts to kiss them. All exeunt hastily.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Fort. Roberval sick. Surgeon Gogues, Doctor Bol, and attendants. Other persons enter consecutively.

Surgeon Gogues. Weaker are we to-day? Ah—so-so—hum!

Then must we let more blood, say one pound troy.

Doctor Bol. Have we so much left?

Surg. Aye, verily.

Not more than three pounds have been shed as yet.

Bring me a bandage, boy.

Passepartout.

Bandage, sir? Yes, sir.

Basin, sir?

Surg.

Basin, of course. The art and mystery

Of barber surgeon would be badly off

Without a basin.

Passe. Sponge, sir?

Surg. And camphored brandy ;
For if our patient's strength must be reduced
It is but justice it should be sustained.

Doctor. Bring me a slice of venison pared thin,
Raw, and if possible from off the haunch.

Surg. Dost feel thy stomach crave?

Doct. He, he! no, no ;
I think that I have twice had lunch to-day
For stomach's sake, for stomach, as you say.
'Tis for our patient. Cold sweat ; pulsation weak.
This super-cuticle of raw deer's flesh,
As it is called, is to enwrap, as 'twere,
Eight boluses of superior magnitude
Containing spice, one to be punctual ta'en
Each quarter of an hour by the horologe ;
Said boluses or spheres, if found too large
To pass the gullet's orifice, the valve,
Gorge, trap-door, opening, portcullis, portal,
Gate of the intestinal kingdom, so to speak,
To be forced with a probang.

Surg. Hold, sir, hold !
Would'st thou sustain my patient's health with spice
While all mine efforts are but to reduce,
Weaken, diminish, thin, attenuate,
And keep down his resisting strength by aid
Of sound phlebotomy ? Bad diagnosis.

Doct. Prognosis says not so. It indicates
Not a cephalic evanescent strength,
But an emulsion to the increment tubes
Of the bilious organs of the *vite via*,
Hence, you perceive, the venison.

Surg. Blockhead !

Doct. Do my ears deceive me ? Do I hear
The four great fluid humors thus impugned ?

Surg. I find no warrant, sir, in Aristotle.

Doct. A fico, sir, for Messer Aristotle!

Go dissect apes with Galen. Take thy fleam
And yards of bandage, but talk not to me!
I plume me as of the most modern school.
Sir, I am passed disciple of Hippocrates
And Physic Baccalaureus of Bologna.
Sir, I have sworn the mystic jusjurandum,
And I maintain these boluses are vital
To prepurge phlegm and urge the coctie action;
Unless the patient swallows them, he dies.

Surg. A bas Hippocrates, and Bologna, too.

The blood, sir, is the life. Apothecary!
I tell thee, in the theatre at Dole
I have done venesection upon frogs.
Dogs, and those other *corpore vili*,—
The patient loses more blood, or he dies.

Both. I tell you, sir, that I have —

Roberval (from couch).

Orderly,

Turn those men out.

Orderly.

With right good will, Monsieur.

Exeunt Doctor and Surgeon. Enter two priests.

1st Priest. My lord, it grieves us painfully to find
The head and hope of all our commonweal
Thus stricken by the scourge that hath behapped.
Alas! it seems as if some hidden sin,
Pride, or vain glory, or desire of fame,
Hath brought on us this heavy chastisement.
We come to offer you our humble aid
To purge the unclean thing from out our mid,
And to request that you will name a day
Of deep humiliation and of prayer
To make abasement publicly of all
That God would turn His heavy hand from us.

Rob. My fathers, your request is right and just.

Name such a day. Our clement God is good,
But we poor mortals cannot dare assign
Each current circumstance to special wrath,

Nor trace the wondrous ways by which He walks.
Cause will produce effect; we want supplies
Of medicines and of vegetable food.
We want amusement, too; this torpid life
Tells on the general health; some acid wines
Would do us good. But what we much more want
Is better knowledge of the human frame;
The liver will not be appeased by prayer,
Nor bile be exorcised by barbers' spells.
I hope and think the plague is nearly stayed,
But I have lately sent a ship to France
For needed aid. Meantime such exercise
Of this revered and sound religious rite
As your high office bids, arrange and do,
But give it more of sunlight than of gloom.

Usher. Monsieur, the savage ma'amselle Eau Nâve Ah
Is urgent for admittance.

Rob.

May enter.

Enter Ohnâwa.

2nd Priest. High sir, we are astonished, hurt, and shocked
To see this piece of pagan wantonness
Intrude upon our sacred conference
And gain admittance to your sickbed's side.
Avoid the scandal! Out! Dismiss her strait,
And have her scourged by drumboys through the camp.

Rob. Good fathers, I am but a mortal man,
My lusts have not been purified like yours.
Erstwhile I've prayed for love with tears of blood,
Have sought to purchase it with lavish gold,
Have had it flung down wanton at my feet,
But found it hollow, selfish, slight, or base.
As for this girl,—she is a childish thing,
But then she loves me, and I know none elser
Who doth beneath the circuit of the sun.
You (though cowed fathers yet good gentlemen)
Know that I can not, and that I will not
Dismiss the only thing that cares for me.
Ohnâwa, child —

Ohn.

My lord, it breaks my heart
 To see a warrior lying helpless here.
 But fret not thou, nor deem death's shadow near.
 Ohnāwa knows the forest roots and gums;
 These will she seek, these bring to ease thy pain,
 And then in answer to Ohnāwa's prayer
 The Lord of Life will give thee health again.
 I will return anon.

Exit.

1st Priest.

Deluded man!

Pin not your faith on pagan herbs and spells;
 No blessing can be on recovered health
 If gained by means malign and heterodox.
 'Tis a direct temptation bidding you
 Peril the soul for the vile body's weal.
 Reflect! 'Tis as example you are here,
 And not to lead less erring souls astray.
 We, more in kindness than with Church's power,
 Beseech you pause; but as we know that oft
 A bodily ailment weakens mental force,
 We now shall say no more, but take our leave.

Exeunt.

Attendant (enters with flowers). The lady nuns pray that you will accept
 This Agnus Dei and this cross of flowers.
 The sisters all commend you to God's care
 And they will wrestle for you in their prayers.

Rob. Convey my thanks to the most holy sisters.

(Exit attendant.)

'Tis kind in the good sisters; most of them
 Are ladies, daughters of good families,
 Who voluntarily have torn apart
 Their lives from household and domestic joys
 Till death shall close their eyes in willing pain
 And humblest works of Christian servitude.
 Some from vocation for't, and some I know
 To aid their house's honor. Had my niece—
 Perish her from my memory. After all,
 Women are truly God's best handiwork,
 And better every way than are we men.

Attendant. A deputation from the settlement. (Enter settlers.)

Rob. How fares it with you, friends? My strength is slight,
But I will gladly list to what you say.
Meantime a welcome. Hath this wretched plague
Yet passed its worst? Methinks the virulence
Is over, and that health will soon return.
There are few cases now.

1st Settler. Your Excellency
Is the last stricken. All the others seem
To be but slightly touched, or mending well.
We come as deputation from the farms
To tender you our earnest sympathy.

Rob. Thanks, friends.

2nd Settler. It is nigh twenty years ago
The commune where I lived was stricken so,
And great relief was found in drinking beer
Of garlic and of rue, a pint an hour.
I would advise yourself to try it, sir.

3rd Settler. I've heard my venerated grandmother,
Now at her rest, express her high belief
In a ptisan of assafœtida.
If Your Excellency would deign to use it.

4th Settler. Your Honor, I had once an uncle John
Who suffered much with wind-pains in his stomach,
But found a vast relief in eau-de-vie.
Try it, Your Honor, it will do you good.

5th Settler. This sickness comes from more than mortal cause;
I fear that there is wicked witchcraft in't,
And 'gainst the Evil One nought has such power
As a cock's head wrapped with a bezoar stone
In a mole's skin and hung around the neck,
If round Your Honor's neck you would but wear it.

Rob. Messieurs, your kindness overwhelms me quite;
Your remedies are good,—I'll try them all!
Meantime pray let my faintness be excuse
For shortening the interview. Adieu.

Exeunt settlers.

Attendant. A soldier craves to see the commandant.

Enter Sergeant of Guard, carrying a steaming tin canteen.

Rob. Welcome, my old moustache. What hast thou there ?

Sergeant. A pot of soup-au-vin, mon General.

"Ho!" said our lads, "our General lieth sick,—
Such will not do! Let's send him something good."
So the crack shots, Bouc and Gaboche and Rojhe
Lay out all night and brought a buck-deer in
With lard upon his rib-bones. Corporal Tric,
A man, my General, who has grown so fat
He scarce can get his belly-band to meet,
Went with a fatigue party to the woods
To gather herbs,—we chose the corporal
Because his cousin was a gardener;
Meules, a *feu* abbot's miller, ground the flour
Between two stones so that it should be fresh;
Bung, former butler, skilful drew the corks;
Sôpe, ex-epicier, weighed the spices in;
And six men of the demi-escadron
Made a raid on the farms for grated cheese.
When all ingredients thus were gathered in,
We felt the rest depended upon Croques.
Croques was an Apostolic Legate's chef,
But lost caste from ill-basting ortolans.
We swore him on a ladle to exert
His highest art to make a grand success;
Two files stood over him with bayonets drawn
To see he did not overheat the pan,
And all the force formed round the fire in square
And anxious watched until the soup should boil;
Then all the heads of sections took a sup
And all pronounced it good. And here it is.
We pray you to accept it with our duty.

Rob. By all the saints in heaven I'll eat this soup!

I tell thee, Sergeant, not for golden crowns
Would I have missed this pot of soup-au-vin,—
Thank every man of them for Roberval.
Here, take this paper to the commissary

And pick out for the lads a cask of wine,
 But keep good guard the while you drink my health.
 Now will I tuck my napkin under chin
 And sup up this *bonne-bouche*. So. You may go;
 Or would you like to stay and see me do it?

Sergeant. No, no, mon General. Quick health. Adieu.

Rob. Adieu, mon brave.

Exit Sergeant, who joins a crowd of soldiers clustered around the gate;
 among them *Passepartout* and some of *Roberval's* servants.

Passe. Now that our patron has dismissed the men
 Of lint and simples, surgeon and physician,
 His chance of life is better.

A Servant (aside to Passe). That depends.
 If he should die now?

Passe. Then we would bury him
 With salt and spices in a leaden box
 With the inscription, "This side up—with care,"
 And send him, with flag at half-mast, to France.
 I know our gallant master would not sleep
 Soundly save in his own loved Picardy.
 Excuse me snivelling,—the air is raw.

Ser. Who would be his heirs?

Passe. (looking steadfastly at him). How should I know?

Serv. He has in his particular cabinet
 A tiny box of oak with brazen hasps.
 I chanced one day to see him open it.
 It held a double string of male sapphires,
 No doubt the King's, lent for some secret end.
 If he should die he'd have no use for it.

Passe. Atrocious scoundrel. Dar'st thou this to me?
 Sapphires—sapphira—robber—Ananias—

Beats him off.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

The Esplanade. Doctor Bol and Surgeon Gogues passing.

Gogues. It is monstrous!

Bol. It is.

Gog. Unwarranted!

Bol. Intolerable!

Gog. And not to be endured —
A heathen chit should bring her green stuff here
And cure our worthy patient out of hand.

Bol. 'Tis quite opposed to all the rules of art.

Gog. What will become of science?

Bol. What, indeed?

Gog. Let us console ourselves, my learned brother,
Although we wish our chief not any harm,
Yet these unauthorized recoveries
And unprofessional recuperations
Prove nothing save a constitution broken.

Bol. Let us retire, for valetudinarians,
Especially in these abnormal cases,
Are sometimes irritable.

They pass.

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

In the fort. Roberval, with him Beaurepaire, Pont Briant and officers of exploring survey.

Roberval. Proceed. I listen.

Beaurepaire. Your Excellency was anxious? feared for us?

Rob. Anxious, yes, — feared for you, no.
When gentlemen of France have work to do
There is no room for such a thing as fear,
The less so when those gallant gentlemen
Are Clement Beaurepaire and Claude Pont Briant.

Pont. Clement begin. Though all of us are lean,
Your skin, I think, sticks closest to your bones,
Besides, to you most honor appertains.

Rob. Honor enough for both to equal share it.

Pont. According to your orders, sir, our force
Departed cheerily, all were picked men,
Myself afloat and Beaurepaire on land
Alternate took command. With oars and sails
We made up the great river; nothing much
Gave us adventure. Somewhere through ten days
Our small flotilla, full of strength and hope,
Breasted the current, leaving in our wake
A streak of cream, till lo! the Thousand Isles
So vivid in their emeralds, purples, blues,
And blending colors, — they reminded me
Of the attractive isles of Paradise
Limned on the border of a breviary.

Beau. Our friend is poet, though he knows it not.

Pont. Cease, mocker. With some care we thrud our way
To the broad bosom of that beauteous lake,*
The which, *en passant*, we found bottomless,
Then with full flowing sheets and wooing breath
Of airs from out the East, we in due time
Attained the distance you yourself ha^{ve} reached,
The rapid outlet of the giant fall;
In two days more we touched the lake's far end,
Where naught remained but haul our chaloupes up,
And make our journey through the trackless woods,
Where Monsieur de Beaurepaire became our chief, —
'Tis his to tell wherein that journey sped.

Beau. Excellency, after council as to route,
How (with due survey of the ground we passed,
And other orders) we in shortest time
Should strike the stream that feeds the cataract,
It was unanimously agreed
We should, by steering-needle, west-sou'-west

* Ontario.

Make our way on. This, as it proved, an error, —
It should have been more nearly duly south.
Then all things ready, every man equipped
With faith, hope, charity, and such like gear,
All lightly borne, besides a hundred rounds
Of musketoon artillery, which weighed
Like a bad conscience upon every man,
We plunged into the woods. Our course was laid
Under the guidance of a friendly Indian, —
We bought his friendship for a looking-glass,
Two Douay pipes, a pocket-knife and scizzors,
Besides some empty bottles we threw in ;
This brave conducted us most skillfully
For scarce a league, then sudden disappeared.
Perhaps he thought his contract was expired,
I think too well of him to think ought else.
Sir, this red man's dog instinct was superb.
I, in my day, have hunted the wild boar,
And tracked the fox with nose-hounds in Ardennes,
Yet never have I seen so subtle scent ;
By good St. Hubert, these would be brave picquers.
A brace of them attached to every troop
Would make superfluous half our commissary.

Rob. Your views are accurate. They are my own.

Beau. Left by our Red man, nought remained for us
But on our own lines frame our own advance ;
Remembering our past gay campaigns, we did
As we were wont to do in Piedmont
Among the ilexes and olive groves,
That time we turned the corner of the Alps
And came on the affrighted Lombard plains.
Not silent as the Indian warriors stalk,
But with loose strides and gay bavarderie,
In single file, ten paces man from man,
In front the tambours and the buglemen
Performing Adam Hale his operas.
We made a new sensation in the woods.
The squirrels asked the blue-jays what it meant ;

The sable crow gazed with a puzzled look,
Wise, yet astray, like prefect of the Seine;
The mystified wood-rabbit sat on end
And wiped his silly face with furry paws
In dire astonishment whom we might be;
Bear and the fox, both crafty quadrupeds,
With worldly prudence kept well out of sight,
Having a wholesome terror for their skins;
The clumsy moose laid back his bladed tynes
And trotted off; the clean-limbed caribou,
With antlers down, sped like a flying cloud;
The red deer, sniffing danger, skirred away;
The snake, knowing himself unpopular,
In rapid undulations slid aloof,
While the small creatures of the underbrush
Fled, making patter on the fallen leaves.
The trees were such as cover Canada;
No parasites clung round their stately stems,
But massive columns straight and tall were they,
Roofed in with over-arching domes of green,
All points of view a long-drawn colonnade.
Through these we made our way, coming on streams
Where the fish leaped and the lone heron rose,
And ponds where swimming wildfowl ducked and bowed,
And swamps where men not web-footed would sink,
And opens where we lit our bivouac fires.
Then wholly ragged, rather disrepute,
Spirits full buoyant but a little fagged,
We reached blue water.

Pont. Then, having struck the lake, all hands made haste
To build a barge like Noah's ark razéed,
A structure would have made an admiral stare.
Long, broad and shallow, with two stumps of masts
In height to set two pocket handkerchiefs,
Half-decked, with dog-holes for us to creep in
When wearied out by pulling at the sweeps,
For on each side we had a bank of oars.
We called our craft the "Skimmer of the Sea,"

And well she earned that superficial name.
 For that same lake is guileful ;* night and day
 A ground-swell heaved along on which she skimmed
 When better ships would have been sore beset
 And tall, slight spars would have gone by the board.
 With this our "Skimmer" we surveyed the shores
 And made the circuit of the inland sea,
 With frequent expeditions on the land,
 Under command of Captain Beaurepaire.
 The shores are densely wooded even as here,
 No streams debouch of any magnitude,
 And in no place was trace of minerals.
 The natives seemed a rather hostile race.
 We had a little fighting now and then
 And lost some men ; but as a counterpoise
 Have brought with us some porphyry arrowheads
 That some of us found sticking in our flesh.
 These are our expedition's sole results.
 Judging from the alignment of the hills
 There is a farther chain of lakes beyond,
 Thus making water-highway through the heart
 Of what will some day be a noble land.
 Returning as we went, we reached our boats,—
 Which, strange to say, the Iroquois had spared,—
 Sailed through the first lake in some day or two,
 Dropped down the current of this mighty stream,
 And after these adventures we are here.
 Our muster-roll, we find, is sixty short,
 And though the whole of us are thin in frame,
 We all are ready to set out again,
 To-day, to-morrow, or whene'er you will.

Rob. Gentlemen all, no formal words of praise
 Or eulogy of mine can reach your merit ;
 That praise must come, as I am sure it will,
 From the own lips of our most Royal Master.
 When time shall serve we will explore again.
 These intermittent great freshwater seas
 Show that not there is Cathay's water-route ;
 My hope is now in Jean Alfonse's search,—
 The road to Ind is by the Saguené.

Exeunt.

* Erie,

ACT III. SCENE IX.

Fall of A.D. 1543. Roberval's quarters. Enter an attendant.

Attendant. A trader, sir, has anchored in the roads,
Direct from France, to purchase fish and furs;
He also brings despatches.

Rob. I will see him.
Send Monsieur de Pont Briant hither.
(Enter sea captain.)
Welcome, good captain, to this land of ours;
You come here, as I learn, direct from home.
What of the war?

Sea Captain. We have so many wars we hear but little;
No doubt that France's arms are doing well.

Rob. The King?

Sea Capt. Is still at Fontainebleau.

Rob. No news?

Sea Capt. Cartier, they say, is fitting out a fleet.

Rob. A fighting fleet?

Sea Capt. No, a fleet of transports.

Rob. Captain, our people here have wares to trade;
No doubt you can fill up with merchandise.

Sea Capt. Excellency, I have further news to tell.
You sent a survey party out last June
Under that daring sailor Jean Alfonse?

Rob. Ha! what of him?

Sea Capt. At entrance of the Gulf
An Indian came off shore, and, making signs,
Said that one launch was wrecked and eight men drowned,
And all the fleet was fast bound in the ice.

Rob. 'Tis a misfortune; but the sea has risks.
(Exit sea captain. Enter Pont Briant.)
Despatches from D'Auxillon. Let me see,—um!
He has had many obstacles to deal with.
The recently appointed admiral,
Claude d'Annebaut, opposed him tooth and nail.
The Chancellor Poyet (as I prophesied)

Looked grave and said he could not spare a sou,
At length Paul saw the King himself (God bless him),
Who promised him two carrack-loads of grain.
But those confounded clerks and scribes
Have badgered him with thousand contretemps,
So he has had to sell my ship the "Canne,"
And with the proceeds and my private funds,
Is loading at St. Malo; Provins, the mayor,
Is helping him as far as in him lies.
The King's ship he retains, the "Gallion,"
So ere long we shall see him back again.
The marshal, Robert Stuart, of Aubigny,
Is dead, and so is Admiral Philippe Bryon;
Death has been rather busy, as it seems.
The war drags on, but Francis holds his own
With constant fighting, though no fight decisive.
This war is fiercer than the previous three;
Francis has made a league with Solyman,
And Turkish galleys harass Italy,
While Barbarossa, with a flying fleet
Of Algiers pirates, picks up merchantmen;
The Danes and Germans, in diet at Spire,
Have voted four and twenty thousand foot
With cavalry to take us on the north.
But the great contest lies in Piedmont,
Where Don del Guasto, their best general,
Faces young Francis Bourbon in strong force.
But Bourbon has good captains under him
Commanding thirteen companies of Swiss,
Five thousand Gascons, and a large contingent
Of Frenchmen generally and Provençaux,
Near a small town by name of Ceresole.
I know young Bourbon; he is not the man
To spend his time entrenched in idleness,
And, if he were, his ardent councillors,
Montluc and other Gascons, would not let him,
So I expect a bloody battle there.
D'Auxillon says the tone of France is good;
The people bear their weight of taxes well.

I think that news is all (*reads*) um—um—
He mentions that the convict, Laurent Barbot,
Had given some trouble,—tried to mutiny,
Excited the marines, and so he killed him;
He asks me for an exempt for the act,
Which shall, of course, be given him.

Pont. O, of course.

Rob. D'Auxillon may be looked for any day.

Pont. (*looking out*). The semaphore is making signals now.

One ship—two ships—

Rob. That must be D'Auxillon.

Pont. Three ships—

Rob. Say you so?

Pont. Four—five—a squadron!

Rob. What means this? Beat to quarters!

Sound the alarm! What nation can they be?

I'd give a purse of gold if they were Spaniards.

Pont. I scarce can make the colors out—it looks

Not jaundiced enough for Spain: seems white and gold;

A pennon flaps out—'Tis the flag of France.

Rob. Impossible! Why a French squadron here?

I had a thousand times it had been Spain,

Though backed up by those bull-head Englishmen.

Pont. A launch is coming from the leading ship;

We soon shall know.

Rob. I like it not at all.

Go, Claude, and find out what this squadron means,

And introduce the officer in command.

Scene closes.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Roberval pacing impatiently. Enter Jacques Cartier and officers. While characters converse Ohnāwa steals in.

Rob. Ha! Captain Cartier! welcome. Well the King
Knows his most trusty navigator.
What have you brought us? food? arms? horses? men?

Cartier. Let these despatches make the matter plain.
Gives despatches.

Rob. So, with permission (*sits and opens despatches*).
'Sdeath, sir, what is this?
Know you the contents of these damn'd sheets?

Cart. I do but bear His Majesty's commands.

Rob. What are the orders?

Cart. To re-ship all hands;
To re-embark munitions, stores, and men,
To give up occupation of the Colony,
And, ere we leave, to have the fort dismantled.

Rob. Cartier, I blame not any man but you;
An enemy hath done this—you the foe!
How dared you leave me on the Bucelos bank,
Setting at nought my orders as Viceroy,
And steal your way in secret back to France
With full two hundred able fighting men,
Leaving me crippled? How dared you, I say?

Cart. One does not risk one's plans in other hands,
Or have his hard-won fame stolen by another.

Rob. Stolen! and by me. By me, Roberval!
Your life shall pay the word. Stand on your guard.

Half draws; officers on both sides lay hands on swords; Cartier stands firm.

Cart. Chevalier de Roberval, I am not noble.

Rob. I had forgotten. Hear me, mariner;
If you are ere ennobled——

Cart. —— Which I shall be.

Rob. Then, thou gross sailor, when that thing occurs
I claim full satisfaction, use and wont,

For this so foul assault upon mine honor,
And I will fairly meet you point to point
When, how, and where comes opportunity ;
Take this, my word, in pledge.

Cart. I take the pledge,
Will bear it aye in hand, will well remember,
And enter it in my log.

Rob. Be seated, sir ;
It was from inadvertence that I sat
In presence of the Grand Pilot of France.
(Opens the other despatch and says :)
Cartier, I have wronged you. These from the King
Tell me the brunt and prospect of the war.
Henry of England's fleet is on the sea,
Designed to seize the sea-gate of Boulogne ;
The Spaniard, with some forty thousand men,
Hangs on the frontier of the Netherlands,
And there is prospect that the field of fight
May centre in my own loved Picardie.
Charles, with a powerful force, invades Champagne ;
One army moves through the Alsatian hills,
Another fills the plains of fair Provence,
While in Piedmont hangs a battle pitched.
Meantime, in this mixed whirl, I clearly see
The King has need of all our swords and us.
Heard ye of this ?

Cart. Something of this I heard,
But you are more in the King's confidence ;
Yet it is true all France is ordered out
To take the field forthwith.

Rob. What cause assigned ?

Cart. We have not yet got over Rincon's death ;
Rincon, you may remember him, a gourmand,
Was sent as a French envoy to the Porte.
One evening, after supper, he cried out
His entrails were on fire, and sudden died ;
Some say he surfeited on pickled eels,
Diluted too much with an acid wine ;
But shrewder politicians more surmise

That Charles the Emperor had poisoned him,
Or, if not Charles, the Duke of Milan.
It reached our King's ear and distressed him much,
So much so he at once commenced the war.

Rob. (laughs). The cause was well selected and most fit
To loose the pent-up thunderbolts of war
And shake the pillars of all Europe's thrones.
Go to! must we have colics unavenged
And die of fluxes caused by German wines?

Cart. Some say he was not poisoned, but stilettoed;
'Tis all the same, such things hap every day.

Rob. And therefore should be promptly put a stop to.
(Aside.) Admirable François, well I see thy drift,
And though it grieves my soul now to postpone,—
Postpone, but not abandon,—all my plans
Of adding new sea-provinces to France
And building up States in the wilderness,
My place is by my friend and monarch's side.

(To Cartier). Pilot, the King commands. Names he a time
To pluck our growing homes up by the roots?

Cart. My orders are to await your time and tide.

Rob. Gentlemen adventurers, you hear the news.
How say you? Can we leave this land till spring?
The armies soon will go to winter quarters
And our swords would for months rust in their sheaths;
Besides, our honest plodding colonists
By no means can make ready in a day.
You hear me, Pilot? we obey the King.

De Beaurepaire. The Viceroy speaketh well.

All. We all agree.

Rob. Now pardon me, Sir Pilot, for the nonce.
From these despatches I have much to think of;
To-morrow I shall be at full disposal.
These wars at home establish their first claim,
But it is saddening to uproot our plans,
Break up our colony, reduce our fort,
And throw the country back to barbarism.

One cannot undo work without a pang.
To-morrow then.

(*Exeunt all but Roberval and Ohnāwa.*)

Ohnāwa. This water-soldier is thine enemy?

Rob. He is not over-friend.

Ohn. Then will I kill him.

I know an herb whose juice is medicine,
And in it I will steep three feathered shafts
From which a scratch will be most certain death,
And one of them shall quiver in his heart.

Rob. Young tigercat, half savage and half tamed,
Thy forest training cannot understand
We do not lurk to slay our personal foe,
But dare him to his face with equal steel
And give him equal chance.

Ohn. That is absurd.

Rob. Yet, my Ohnāwa, thou shalt not do this;
Such act of thine would bring disgrace on me.

Ohn. To thee can never come disgrace, great chief.
On me fall the disgrace, — because I love thee,
Therefore will I remove thine enemy,
And thou shalt never know how it hath happened.

Rob. It must not be, mad girl. This, my command,
I positively lay on thee, and claim
Obedience to my wish, perhaps my last,
For in short time hence I must leave this land
For mine own country far beyond the sea.

Ohn. Shall we be happy there as we are here?

Rob. Happy! I think not. (*Aside.*) Mort Dieu, it would be
A cunning thought to take her back with me.
Young, piquante, fresh, and strangely beautiful,
She could not choose but climb. De Foix, d'Estampes,
La belle Ferroniere, and more have done it,
And this young savage overshines them all.
No, no! I will not pluck this forest flower
To see it gaud out in the air of Court.

(*To Ohnāwa.*) Happy, did'st thou say, Ohnāwa? No;
War's fever leaves no room for happiness;

I go to take my share in mighty wars
And pageants thou know'st naught of.

Ohn.

I can fight !

Rob. Thine eyes blaze, girl.

Ohn.

It is the light of war.

If girl I am, my blood is Iroquoise ;
I can be serpent, too, as well as girl,
And on the warpath I will guard thy steps,
Hide in the bush, and creep among the fern,
So that no lurking knife steal on thy trail.
Thou shalt teach me to fire the thunder-tube
And slay thy foes beyond their arrows' range,
And though I be a "girl," I'll bring thee in
As many scalps as e'er a practised brave.

Rob. Excellent minion ! women do not fight
In the land wherein now I go to war.

Ohn. Tell me of the women. Dost thou love them ?

Rob. Love in my land is a fantastic thing,
A thing of frothy verbiage and conceits ;
Smiles are won by false oaths, and paid in gold ;
Hearts, now days, are incapable of love.

Ohn. There is no one thou lovest like Ohnāwa ?

Rob. Not now, I think. We will talk more anon.
I am perturbed somewhat. Leave me, my child,
And come back by-and-bye.

Exit Ohnāwa.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A convocation of the Colonists. Flourish of trumpets. Enter Roberval,
attended.

Roberval. My friends, I come to speak in the King's name.
Those long-tongued sailors lying in the roads
Have set afloat reports which, if unchecked,
Might cause anxiety and disquiet you.
And therefore I have, as the King's Viceroy,

Deemed it expedient now to summon you,
By Royal Proclamation, to appear
And meet me here for hearing of the truth.
France, our loved France, is plunged in grievous wars, —

A voice. Must we take part in them? (*Murmurs*).

Rob. France, our dear France, is fighting for her life! —
That is my answer. Does a Frenchman need
To seek for other than for that reply?
Picards are here, — war is in Picardy;
Provençaux, — Spain treads down your gay Provence;
Burgundians, — would you see fair Burgundy
Torn from our France by swinish German herds?
Gascons, — who doubts the blood of Gascony?
Normans, — we want old Rollo back again.
Frenchmen of other cantons, — could you bear
Your mother's bosom given as spoil of wolves?
Forbid it heaven! forbid it memories
Most hallowed, memories of our valiant sires!
Hear, then, by mouth of me, the King's intent.
'Tis for our safety: While these great wars last
No further aid can be sent out from home;
But that all Frenchmen may be gathered in
Within the circuit of their native shores,
Beyond the reach of Spaniards, English, Danes,
Dutch, Milcinese, and other allied foes,
The King has sent a fleet to take you home.

(*Women weep*).

Dear friends, why these salt tears?
Why weep for what is but a benefit?
Pray listen to our Gracious King's design:
Your time spent here shall not be loss, but gain;
You still have the fee simple of your farms;
Assessors shall compute your clearings' worth,
And for such values I will issue scrip,
Sealed with the great seal of the colony;
This gives you property negotiable,
So that (you see) you have not lost your time.
As for the house: I will make a treaty

For their protection from the savages.
 On our return you will have nought to do
 But relight on your hearths your household fires.
 Make of this winter one long carnival;
 Eat all your surplus, kill your flocks and beeves,
 And call your friends around you to make merry.
 For stock not eaten you may turn them loose,
 Nature will take the care of feeding them.
 When we come back you'll find they have increased.
 Your pigs will be wildboars; cows, buffaloes;
 Your cocks and hens the best of flying game;
 Your graft shoots will have grown to bearing-trees,
 And all your fields be cushioned with rich grass.
 Good housewives! pack up your best household stuff,
 Your linens, woollens, furs, and suchlike things,
 If they be valuable and home-made.
 Besides the passengers, the ships all these
 Will take.

A Little Boy.

Sir, will you take my guinea pigs?

Rob. I will, my little man; and you, you girls,

Take the love-gifts your lovers gave to you,
 The squirrels and tame robins in twig cages,
 Wood-lilies, violets, and Mayflowers in pots;
 Let everyone take some remembrance.
 The men take nothing but their swords and fusils.
 Such is the King's command conveyed by me.
 I know that you will willingly assent;
 I hope, I really hope, I need not say
 If you do not assent I must enforce it.
 Women! it is but a home holiday,
 To see the old folks and your native land.
 Men! 'tis a mother calling on her sons
 To gather them within her circling arms.
 Will ye to France's cries make deaf your ears?
 Will ye be callous to her fond appeal?

(Faint cries of "Vive la France!")

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Garrison and Iroquois warriors drawn up on glacis; within the Fort Roberval and Chiefs in parley.

Roberval. Iroquois Chieftains! we are here to-day
To hold palaver in true amity.
We wish to bury the war-hatchet deep,
And then in peace to smoke the pipes of peace.

Agëd Chief. The Iroquois seek not to whet the knife,
Nor send more flintstones to the arrow-maker.

Rob. We go across the sea to make great war.

Agëd C. The White Chief is great warrior.

Rob. The Agëd Chief
Is stately as the world-old mountain pine.
Upon whose honoured limbs are thunder scars
Showing as trophies of a thousand storms.
The Iroquois are many, but my people
Are countless as the pebbles in the stream.

Agëd C. Their numbers here are but a sheaf of arrows.

Rob. My nation is more powerful than the thunder.

Agëd C. We listen to the tongue of the White Chief.
His words are good. His tribe, no doubt, is great;
But it is far.

Rob. But not too far to bring a grove of ships
And warriors many as the forest stems.
Those who are now here go but for a time,
And ere twelve moons have shown their double horns
Look in the sunrise for our rising sails,
And down the Gulf for coming of our fleets.
We wish to make a treaty with your tribe.

Agëd C. If the Great War Chief goes beyond the sea
Why should he make a treaty with our tribe?

Rob. Because, red friends, we shall come back again
As certain as in morning comes the sun,
And in my absence we require of you
To interfere with nothing of our gear;
So shall the French and Iroquois be friends.

Agéd C. The Iroquois are not the white man's friends;
 The Frenchmen do not love the Iroquois,
 Their words of friendship are the words of squaws.
 The red man in his council speaks the truth;
 The white man lies.

(Symptoms of anger).

Rob. I pray you, sirs, be calm;
 I would not make oath to the red man's truth,
 But the old chief is not so far from truth
 That white men lie; most of them lie.

(*To Indians.*) Think well. Shall it be treaty and a peace,
 Or shall it be no treaty and defiance?

Agéd C. The Iroquois will make no treaty-troth
 With those who stole their forests, slew their deer,
 And talk to them squaws' words. It shall be war.

Rob. Be it.

Beaurepaire. Excellency, if I might suggest,
 We have a store of trinkets to embark,
 Or give away, or cast into the sea,
 Or make of them a gay auto-da-fé;
 Why not distribute them as subsidy?

Rob. A bad precedent, Beaurepaire,—blackmail.

Pont Briant. The red men and our men in equal force
 Are drawn up on the glacis, where they glare
 Upon each other with vindictive eyes;
 Give but the signal and we shall disarm
 Their warriors, or, if need be, wipe them out.
 This is a remedy, and radical;
 Or, if too radical, then seize these chiefs
 And ship them off in hostage for their tribe.

Rob. Monsieur de Pont Briant, you forget yourself;
 Kidnapping has been done too oft already.
 This agéd chief, unlike old Donacona,
 For us, at least, shall die in his own home,
 And our safe-conduct shall be kept intact,
 So help me God and our Lady of la Roque.

(*To Indians.*) You, Iroquois! the red fox in a trap
 Is not more in the trapper's power than you

Are in my power within these armed walls;
 My cannons' mouths are trained to sweep you off;
 My young men bid me make the sign to fire;
 Our force without would march towards our gate,
 While yours would be within artillery range,
 And ere they could escape would be cut down
 As autumn leaves are by the norland blast;
 For you have yet to learn that Indian cunning
 Is not quite half a match for white man's craft.

Agèd C. The White Chief has the power, no doubt the will.

Rob. If ye would chaunt your death song, chaunt it now.

Agèd C. The Ho-dé-no-sau-nee's funeral song
 Shall not be uttered within mocking ears;
 Warriors and Chiefs can meet their death,—and mute.

Rob. Shall it be peace and treaty,—and your lives?
 Or shall it be no treaty,—and your scalps?

Agèd C. I have said.

Rob. Warriors and Chiefs! Brave men!
 Have ye not my pledged word? My manly foes,
 Go forth, and free! If war be, let it be.
 .(Indians retire).

Rob. These men are *gentlemen*. Did you observe
 Their dignity in all they said and did?
 Even when they thought we had them in the toils
 No muscle quivered and no brown cheek blanched,
 Nor black eye dimmed with sign of craven fear.
 They are a stalwart race and soldierly.
 When we return 'twill be my special care
 To win their confidence by amity,
 And by all means to gain them to our side;
 For in the coming time these tribes, I see,
 Will be our allies, not our enemies.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

The fort. Roberval and Beaurepaire.

Beaurepaire (aside, with paper and stylus).

"Vassals!" (no, that won't do). "Dear Farmers!" (no,
Not "dear,"—I have it—) "Agriculturists!
And Persons of the Manufacturing Class!"
(Good) "Cobblers, and such like," (that won't do, either),
"I am your Seigneur" —

Roberval. You seem in travail there; what is't you do?

Beau. I'm writing an address to men unborn,
Men who will, in a century or so,
Come out and settle on my seigniory.
But, lo! I lack the gift of oratory.

Rob. The easiest thing in life is oratory,—
First believe what you say, then speak it out.
So much for nature; but art has its tricks:
Begin in a low whisper,—this attracts
And takes your audience into confidence;
Gain strength anon until you reach high tide,
Then gush upon them like a floodgate burst;
Ope your mouth wide in shape of a round O;
Bellow, draw out your handkerchief and weep;
Stamp on the floor and wave your arms aloft;
Drag out your hair, and tell them "On your soul
They are your very dear constituents."

Beau. I will go practice in the open air.

Exit Beaurepaire; enter Ohnāwa.

Rob. What shadow darkens thy brown cheek, my child?
Surely young Ohnāwa should not be sad.

Ohnāwa. Sad, sad am I, Great Chief. I fain would speak,
Yet know not what to say.

Rob. A dilemma
Two-horned that has tossed many orators.
But I have heard the charming female sex
Are never at a loss for what to say,
But that may be a libel. Tell me, child,

Is it some matter of thy silly own?
 If I can aid, command me. Freely speak,
 Thou know'st I love to hear thee speak, Ohnāwa.

Ohn. It is not of my own.

Rob. O, of mine, then?

Good girl, speak out, say what thou hast to say.

Ohn. Your wall is lowly and our braves can climb.

Rob. My darling girl, no nicer messenger
 E'er warned of an assault by escalade.

Ohn. On the third night take heed.

Rob. Good girl again!

Your braves will find us all on the alert,
 And (for your sake) shall loss of life be small.

Scene closes.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Midnight. Two stragglers from the fort making their way through a storm in the woods. A river in a tortuous course between tall trees.

1st Straggler. I know not when I've seen so vast a storm.
 Hark! what sound is that?

2nd Strag. It is the trees
 Riving and wrestling with each other.

1st Strag. No!
 It cannot be,—yet must be. Once again
 A sound of writhing and of anguished groans
 As if their limbs were torn away by giants,—
 And then a heavy fall,— and then a lull.

2nd Strag. Some mighty tree is blown down by the roots.

1st Strag. Yet not a breath of breeze here. Listen now,
 That awful roll as if 'twere thunder near,
 Or, as I've heard described, a lion roar,
 Mixed as with shrieks of human agony.
 Ha! there it comes,—'tis hard to keep one's feet.

2nd Strag. 'Tis a wind tempest from the fierce nor'west.
 When I was but a little lad at school

They taught me somewhere was a hellish cave
 Whence the winds burst to fight against the churches.*
 Something like that, I think, the story ran.
 If it be true, foul fiends are out to-night,
 And fighting hard, although there are no churches.
 I wish we saw the watch-light on the cliff.

1st Strag. A bed in barracks would feel soft to-night.

They pass. Enter Ohnāwa, sola; she falls on her knees in abasement.

Ohnāwa. I am the very meanest thing that lives,
 The wickedest, unfilialest, and worst;
 I love this paleface Chief, and have for him
 Betrayed the secrets of our Council fires.
 My nation would abhor me did they know,
 And the ghosts from the shadowy hunting grounds,
 Who *do* know, frown on me with grief and pain.
 Ach! (*shudders*) my dead fathers are about me now;
 I see them standing tall among the leaves,—
 They look on me with grave rebuking eyes.
 Oh, worthless me; ah, wretched Ohnāwa.
 Spirit! who did'st exbale the breath of life
 And give it to the Ho-dé-no-sau-nee
 That they might be thy people—secret, brave,
 Enduring, unforgetting, truthful, they
 Who with a smile should face the knife and fire
 Rather than whisper of a secret known,
 I am unworthy now to be thy child,
 And know no way of penitence but this:
 From out thy roll of children blot me out—
 Forget that I am Maid of Iroquois,
 And look on me but as a paleface girl
 Who knows no better than to give her life—
 Herself, her all, her people—for her love;
 Hold me in thy remembrance nevermore.

Great Spirit! hear my prayer.
 True, that I told him what our braves had planned,—
 What could I do? I could not have him slain,
 For I do love him, love him, loving love.

* An anachronism in quotation here.

Yet loves he me? Alas! I do not know;
 My heart is white, but my ways are not white,
 And when a little time has flitted by
 He may grow weary of my ignorance
 And cast away his gathered forest flower.

(*Rises.*) Now must I try the Maiden's prophecy;
 For I have heard the older women say
 If any loved maid prays the water-witch,
 That lives and sings within a sand-paved stream,
 To guide a love-lit lamp, and if it burn
 Unquenched and clear till it be out of sight,
 The maiden's lover to her will be true.
 Here is a little barque that I have sewed
 From out one round of whitest birchen bark,
 And here a pearly shell on which I place
 A taper made of pure white waxberries.
 With this firestone I light the medicine flame,
 And from this quiet lily-padded cove
 Upon the running stream I launch my hopes.
 It graceful glides, the flame burns clear and still.

(*Clasps her hands.*) Now it has reached the current, yet it burns!
 White pitying water-spirit, lend thy care!
 Sail on, my love-canoe, drift smooth and slow;
 Burn bright, my love-lamp, keep thy living flame;
 Joy! now 'tis past the bend—alight—joy! joy!
 O cruel wind, O blow not with thy breath.
 It floats! it floats! alive and lit, it floats.
 Now it draws near the eddy—Sweet Istā,
 Mother of Maidens, help thy lovelorn child!
 'Tis past the danger—once more smooth it sails.
 A moment more and 'twill be out of sight,
 And joy will come back to Ohnāwa's heart.
 It burns!—no! no!—it flickers—it is out!—

Falls prone.

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Rampart of the fort. Early morning. Roberval, Captain-Commandant, and soldiers.

Roberval. Your watch is early, Commandant. Good-morrow.
Is it to see the sun rise from the sea?

Commandant. Naught so romantic haled me from my couch.
Two singular incidents at dawn to-day
Called my attention, which I had reported
As soon as you were visible. The first:
A sentry on the wall, ere break of grey,
On his beat pacing, listlessly observed
A quadruped, or something on four feet,
Rooting about in shadow of the wall.
"A hog," he thought, if he gave thought at all;
But something in the motion of the beast
Seemed strange; so, properly, he called his comrade.
The creature, when close to the palisade,
Leaped up erect, and to the rampart climbed.
The guard turned out and found an Indian brave
Hid in a recess near the magazine.
He fought so hard, it was a lively thing
To drag him out. They did not kill, but kept him
Until Your Excellency or I should see him.
The sergeant of the guard will tell the rest.
Sergeant, relate.

Sergeant. General and Commandant,
'Twas the same Indian here the t'other day,
Called Lowering Eye, or Squint Eye, or such name;
An't please Your Excellency, the prisoner
Got off scot free.

Rob. It doth *not* please me. How?

Serg. Fell flat upon his face and lay as dead,
And when, a moment only, eyes withdrawn,
To ask what should be done, the lissom toad
Dropped o'er the wall, and ere a musketoon
Could get him within aiming range, escaped.

Rob. Who was the sub-officer in charge?

Serg. Buote.

Rob. Put him in irons for neglect of duty.

Com. The second incident is sensational :

This morn, at early dawn, this Indian arrow,
Which had been in the night shot o'er the wall,
Was sticking in the flagstaff half-way up.
A drummer-boy climbed up and brought it down.
The arrow has a strip of birchen bark
Twined round the shaft and sealed with pear-tree gum,
And the birch bark seems written on.

Rob. (*takes and unrolls bark.*)

Writing is here, done in some colored pigment,
In good set French of vile orthography.
Let us see what this flying shaft of Cupid
May have to say. Ha! this affects us much :

(*Reads.*) "A Frenchman, trapper with the Iroquois,
Tells to the garrison : A mousquetaire
Is captive, and to-morrow he will die
By torture ; place of sacrifice, three leagues
Due northwest ; and the Indian girl Ohnāwa
Is prisoner as a spy."

Com. It is that dolt-brained ass, Po'Poudrefeu,
Company One, who had a hunting leave.
Why should he go and fall into their hands!
A little torture now would do him good,
If not too lively. What is to be done?

Rob. The scout will make his way back to his tribe,
Or he may yet be lurking near the fort ;
In either case we must anticipate him.
How soon can all our force be put on march?

Com. Less than twelve minutes after bugle call.

Rob. Sound the assemble.
Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

The forest. French troops advancing swiftly but stealthily.

Roberval. This is to wind a fox, not to make war.
We keep our course — northwest, the trapper said.
Look carefully for marks upon the trees.

Beaurepaire. Here are the axe-marks that have guided us.

Rob. So far, so well; the man hath proved his faith,
If it lead not into an ambuscade.

Beau. I think not; but we should be near the place.
Here are the smothered ashes of a fire,
The moss seems somewhat trodden down, and now
Methinks I hear a distant sound of cries.
They listen.

Rob. No, 'tis some forest bird, or brooklet's noise;
There are strange whisperings in these solemn shades;
One would suppose that silence would reign here,
But through the silence a faint undertone
Seems to imply the woods are full of life.
Hark! hear you nothing?

Pont Briant. 'Tis the insects' hum,
They wheel in clouds beneath the domes of leaves.

Rob. Forward there, silently. No word, my men;
Step on the moss to deaden your footfall.
Use well the shelter of these stout tree stems,
Remember, it is renard that we hunt.

Beau. One of the soldiers in advance makes signs.

Rob. He doubtless hears this same suspicious sound.

Pont. I hear it, sir; something like distant song.

Rob. For some time it has been plain on my ear,
But I had thought it was the cataract
That, fitful from its bass, strikes sharper chords
Which would be heard a long way in the woods.
Spread out our front in form of a half-moon;
Ten paces man from man; close on alarm.
Beaurepaire, take the right; you, Paul, the left;

And steadily advance our fighting line
To overlap the enemy unaware.
I, with six scouts, will steal up this dark glade;
It may be possible to reach their rear.
The sounds are plainer now.

A Scout enters. I made my way,
Mainly by creeping, some way to the front,
To where, upon a broken rocky mound,
A tall tree proudly overtops the rest,
The which I climbed, and could discern a fire
And hear demoniac yells and orgies wild.

Rob. We have them now! forward! without a sound
Until you hear my bugle; then charge home.
Contingent! come with me; we will not march
In open rank, and so like wolves will prowl.

(Roberval and scouts plunge into dark glade.)

Cheerily, men; cheerily, avançons!

Ohnāwa rushes from the bush and throws her arms around Roberval.

Ohn. Back! Chief! back, on thy life!

Rob. Ohnāwa! art thou my first enemy?

I thought thee prisoner, and I came to seek thee.

Ohn. Back! back! retreat, brave Chieftain, if you love me!
Our outlying scouts are crouching all around;
Come but a few steps more I could not save thee,
But must stand by and hear thy death-song sung.
Even now our deadliest knife is on thy track;
I stand between thee and the arrow's point —
Ah!

(An arrow whizzes from the covert; it strikes her; she falls; Roberval bends over her).

My chief, my warrior, e'er my lips grow cold,
Clasp me close—closer—kiss me—for I love thee.

Dies.

Rob. (rising). Dead. She is dead. The truest, loving maid.
Here thou, Jean Bourdon, and thou, Jacques Richaud,
Ye both have wives at home in Picardy;
Take post behind this tree, guard her corse well,

Treat her as reverent as ye would a queen.
Forward the rest! no quarter for them now!

Blows bugle; French rush on and drive Indians before them; volleys of musketry gradually grow fainter in the distance; Lowering Eye, war chief, taken prisoner.

Trapper enters. Ye come in time to save a white man's life.

The fiends had just begun to torture him;
See how the thongs cut through his swollen flesh
And bind him helpless to that limb of tree.
This ruffian is their war chief, Lowering Eye;
His was the hand that shot the fatal shaft
That felled the forest flower, kind Ohnāwa.

Rob. Release our ill-fared comrade; tend him well;
Some of you aid his steps in the retreat;
Rest and good usage yet may bring him through.
As for this wretch, whose fell malignity
Hath taken, causeless, young Ohnāwa's life,
Beyond ten thousand times more worth than his,
Plant him there, with his back against that tree.

Lowering Eye (breaks out in death song).

The Red Man looks on death and does not quail;
He has shone in battle—he has taken scalps;
The Palefaces are women—they are dogs—

Rob. Cut short this sentimental caterwaul.

Platoon! give fire!

(They fire; Lowering Eye falls).

The wolves will save him sepulture.

Comrades, a heavy task is still before us.
This paltry victory has entailed us loss
Of one who did well prove herself our friend.
Let us return and pay her honor due.

(They return to the dead Ohnāwa.)

Here lies a hapless girl most foully sped.
We cannot dare to give her Christian rites,
Or lay her corse in consecrated ground,
But we will give her soldier's funeral—
Three volleys o'er her grave.

Form a litter;

The youngest of you gather balmy leaves

To be meet shroud for her ne'er-fettered limbs.
 You, four of my best veterans, bear the bier,
 I am myself chief mourner for the dead.
 There is a lone spot that Ohnāwa loved, —
 A little plateau by the river's edge,
 Shut in by five great trees that overhead
 Spread a thin canopy of slender sprays,
 And make a twilight all the summer day;
 Where, under leafy eaves, the robins sing
 Their lovesongs in the spring at pairing time;
 Beneath, the turf is springy, short, and green,
 Margined with flowering mosses, interspersed
 With trailing vines of pearly waxberries,
 And white star-flowers that turn to scarlet fruit.
 This lonely resting place in quiet lies,
 Silent, but for the never-ending hymn
 And requiem of the distant waterfall.
 There will we take my loved dead forest child,
 There bury her.

Soldier. Pity to see this poor brown robin slain.

Rob.

Take her up — gently — so.

(They raise the bier).

Reverse arms! slow — march!

Exeunt, marching.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Embarcation. The slopes of Quebec. Roberval, Cartier, *et al*, descending to beach.

Cartier. The colonists are all embarked. Eight ships
 Already have been some hours under sail.
 An armed galley leads; the Viceroy's ship
 Will follow and soon overtake the convoy.
 In six weeks' time from now, if weather holds,
 We shall be anchored under Oleron.

Officer of Staff. The passengers embarked in seeming heart?

Cart. On the whole, yes. There were the usual growlers,
 But the main part seemed but to look on it

As an excursion to revisit home.
They all seemed confident in their return.

Officer. The Viceroy certainly means to return;
They have great faith in him.

Cart. That I could note.

De Roberval is like the rest of us;
He has his faults and failings, as we all,
And to myself is little favorable.
Yet are there few men so administrative;
He personally is the very soul
And lifeblood of an enterprise like this;
Without him it bid fair to be a wreck.

Officer. His friends and equals—in whom I embrace
The Gentlemen Adventurers—like him.

Enter Roberval, who calls Cartier aside.

Roberval. Pilot, one more thing I have on my mind.
I acted rudely when you landed here,
And have since made but half apology.
This distant land smooths all degrees of rank,—
I offer now the amblest satisfaction;
Our swords the same in length, and here a spot
Behind this rock where we may do the deed.

Cart. I seek it not; 'twould do me ill at home.
Let the past pass.

Rob. Well, then, let us be friends.
The proper thing would be to tune our lyres
Instead of useless spilling of our blood.
You write good rhymes, good Pilot; I have seen them.

Cart. Humph! I suppose that I may play the fool
As well as another.

Rob. O certainly;
That is a gift that comes direct from God,
And many men unwitting fill the rôle.

They pass.

Pont Briant. Turned out of Eden! hey, friend Beaurepaire?

Beaurepaire. How is the god-child?

Pont. What, little Coucou?

Egad, I had forgotten. I must see.

Exit.

An Adventurer. For me, I'm filled with rage and discontent;
We've been too long here, or not long enough.

Beau. We've been here long enough to acquire the right
To tell wild tales of fabulous adventure, —
How we have been among a fearsome race,
Horns on their heads, and feathers in their tails,
Who make their breakfast off their prisoners,
And when enraged, breathe out live coals and smoke
Like Satan in an Easter Mystery.
My friend, we can cap conversation's lies
Till the most rooted liar, cowed, must say
These are the men have been with salvages.

A Priest enters. Where is the Viceroy?

Beau. Musing, in the rear.

Priest (to Roberval). Excellency, the agèd holy man
Who lived a hermit halfway down the cliff,
Was found this morning on his pallet, dead.
'Tis said 'twas he that former prophesied
Bourbon the Constable would fall at Rome.
Before he died his angel came to him
And touched his lips with fire of prophecy;
His fervent words I here have written down.

Rob. I know not how it is those anchorites
Who hide in caves and dwell in half-obscure,
And keep their thoughts confined to one idea,
And purge themselves from lusts and appetites,
And macerate their flesh by abstinence,
May be brought nearer to the spirit world,
And thus acquire the gift of prophecy;
Or it may be but a congested brain,
Or but a queasy stomach breeding vapors,
That daylight and boiled beef would quite dispel.
Read it, Sir Clerk.

Priest. That will I reverent do:
"Clouds seem to roll before my sightless eyes;
They thin, they break, — I see the coming years!
The soldier Roberval puts out to sea
With all our people in his home-bound ships.

A silence follows till the century dies ;
Years glide, until the sapling grows a tree,
And grass sheds seed on the grandchildren's graves,
The gnarled hemlock turns to hollow bole,
Yet no white sail is coming up the Gulf.
Still roll the years. Then wars and rumored wars
Along the lines and lakes of Canada.
Two European peoples, divers-speaking,
Struggle together which shall hold the land.
I see upon this cliff a citadel,
A city towered and walled, and France's flag
On many forts and sailing down great streams,
Marking a thousand leagues beneath its sway.
A lurid cloud comes up, and ghastly shows
The red men ranged with the conflicting foes,
Intensifying the dire deeds of war.
A battle lost upon this crested cliff,
Another at a fortress by the sea,
Till, all but honor lost, the flag goes down.
But not for France's line the conquered's fate ;
Victors, though vanquished, they impose their laws,
Religion, language, customs, tone, and thought,
And in time coming sway the aims of power.
I see a congeries of lesser states
Moulding by destiny towards one whole,
Under a Statesman genial, strong, and sage,
Till they absorb in one sole commonweal,
Constructive, one, and indivisible,
With laws well codified, with vital force
To cope with evils of her inner life,
And put down treason, treachery, and wrong ;
Unlike the social systems of to-day,
In her the unit, from his being such,
Carries responsibility of the whole ;
And the whole, from its being aggregate,
Exists but by equality of the unit.
Rank is therein, for life is based on rank,
But here 'tis the rank of pre-eminence.
The decades pass like flashes. Then I see

This new and welded State of Canada
 Take her place on the nation's roll beneath
 A broad emblazoned banner of her own,
 Until she shines a light among the lands,
 With keels of commerce upon every main.
 Then follow peace, strength, and prosperity.
 Years roll. With aggrandisement cometh pomp.
 They roll,—the vision is more blurred and dim —
 My eyes are closing fast. It is the dark."

Rob. A Delphic seer. I have no fault to find,
 Excepting with the hundred years or so
 In which no white man treads upon this strand.
 I shall not live a hundred years; and yet
 I shall return and tread this land again,
 And hold it fast in spite of prophecy.

Several. And we! and we! Vive la gai France Nouvelle!

Roberval (*falling behind the others*).

Fair scene! a lingering and a latest look,
 Although it needs me not to count or scan
 To stamp the features on my memory.
 This is the land where I had hoped to live,
 And where I would have no regret to die.
 A touch of tenderness, a clasp of grief,
 Fingers the inner tendrils of my heart.
 I have dreamed dreams that wanted but due time
 To grow material and reality;
 These for a time must yet remain in sleep.
 Blue skies! I think no skies can be so blue.
 Ye cliffs! look for the coming of my ships.
 Ye woods! recall my merry bugle note.
 Ye waters! on whose breast my light chaloupe
 Swum like a sea gull, give fair winds and tides
 To bring me back, and keep a welcome for me!
 France needs my aid as mother needs her child's,
 Yet not the less it touches me. My foot,
 As 'twas the first, shall be the last to press
 This wild and noble shore. A fond farewell!
 Farewell, farewell, fair country, fare thee well!

As they embark, the Indians, who have crept down, deliver a shower of arrows,
 replied to by musketry from the boats.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Early spring, A. D. 1549. Port of St. Malo, France. Roberval in his quarters, pacing excitedly.

Roberval (solus). François, it was an evil day you died,
For France, for me ; as to this second Henry,
That grasping, scheming, old and ugly widow,
Diane de Poitiers, has got hold of him,
And rides him with a ribbon-rein of steel.
I owe no gratitude to him or her.
Now in bold enterprise would lie no danger.
Danger—pshaw ! Danger tracks us everywhere,—
In promenade, at prayers, in lady's bower ;
At feast is equal peril as in fray.
But at this juncture there could be no danger,
Except, perchance, that able lad, young Charles,
Should reach the throne ;* that might be dangerous,
And yet he'd have his full resources taxed
In carrying on those senseless holy wars.
Why should I have a qualm except for France ?
France has not held, nor does she seek to hold,
Nor seem to value, that most noble land
Wherein might soon the day of empire dawn ;
Then why not I ? What hinders me to take
The not unpleasant name, "Adventurer ?"
Viceroy — Adventurer — with the power the same,
Why quibble for a name ? There is a name
Higher than Viceroy, and some one, some day,
Will call himself the King of Canada.
Vice me no Viceroys, *Moi, Roque le Roi !*
Those savages are splendid fighting stuff ;
Their tribes, if leagued, would stretch from sea to sea ;
No force that ever could be stowed in ships
Could root them from the woods they know so well.
Yet am I certain I could govern them
By their own habitudes and their own gods.
A footing made, I would keep open house

*Which he did, twelve years later.

For all the fighting scoundrels from all shores ;
 Through every land of Europe's discontent
 Would I have preachers go and preach crusade ;
 In every land a Peter Eremite
 Would bring recruits, and first my gay Picards,
 Who trust in me, would rally at my call ;
 Not bull-dogue Englishmen, but stubborn Scots,
 The raw material of the archer guard,
 Would I enroll and trust to guard a throne.
 Dull Flemings, who might serve to ditch and plough,
 And drive their Flanders mares with needed stores.
 Even would I take Don Espanol to teach
 Most stoney cruelty with haughty mien ;
 Wily Italians to make treaties for us,
 And overreach while swearing on their souls.
 These should amalgamate — a race of men.
 For women — why, the world is wide enough,
 And maids are plenty and like to be wooed,
 As were the Sabine girls for Roman wives.
 Thus a strong nation would be made to hand,
 And neither Spaniards, French, nor Englishmen,
 Nor their united navies, could dislodge
 Us from that mountain fort beside the sea.
 The thought is bold, the fact is practicable.
 Much is unread yet in the Book of Fate,
 And France, perchance, may see what she shall see.
 But, tush ! my fancy runs away with me, —
 We now embark, the rest is accident.

Enter Passepartout.

Yes, sir !

Rob. How now, fellow ? What ! Passepartout ?

Passe. Your servant, sir. 'Tis true you have discharged me
 On the plea that you need no valets now,
 But as I know 'tis quite impossible
 You can dispense with me, I have returned.

Rob. Thou art a faithful fellow, Passepartout.

Truly thou shalt go with me on this trip, —
 Not as a valet, but as something better.
 Meantime, see to my mails.

- Passe.* It shall be done. *Excellency,*
- Rob.* Call me not Excellency;
Call me Sir, Master, Captain, what you will;
Though no more Viceroy, I am yet—thy Friend.
- Passe.* Kind, my good lord. I am a bearded man,
Although an ass. Pray do not make me weep.
Exit Passepartout hurriedly; enter attendant.
- Attendant.* Two pious dames without would be admitted.
- Rob.* Tell the good sisters I decline to see them.
(Attendant exit).
They seek, no doubt, to send a mission out.
No ghostly aid for me—no supervision;
If reign at all, I'll reign like Lucifer.
Attendant re-enters.
- Attend.* The holy ladies say they are encharged
With message which it much imports to hear.
Their audience will be brief.
- Rob.* Admit them, then.
Enter two nuns.
- Nun.* Great Sir, the Lady Marg——
- Rob.*——The schoolmistress?
- Nun.* Now living at Dinan in holy works
And in the inner pale of sanctity,
Hearing you are about to leave the land,
Sends by us her complete forgiveness
For all the ills you may have brought on her.
- Rob.* By heaven! it needed nought but this. Tell her,
As reciprocity has won the day,
I also do forgive, and with a hope
She may save other souls besides her own.
Exeunt nuns. Enter André De Roberval.
- André.* Good brother Jean, my mind is quite made up.
I go with you. My mails already shipped,
Adieux all made, and all my weeping done.
I'm wearied of these Guises thin disguised
Under the cover of a wanton king

And his old woman. In another land
Shall you and I show what our swords are worth
Should there need be; if not, we'll settle down
Into stout farmers and wear wooden shoes,
Or set up booths and grow rich as fur traders.

Rob. André, my brother, welcome to our band,
If you have calmly thought the matter o'er;
We all, each man of us, know well your worth,
And I shall make it my especial care
To see your interests attended to.
But, brother, weigh this twice ere you decide, —
Do not embark in this thing hastily;
Think well while there is yet time to retreat,
Because—because to you alone I'd say
I feel depressed about this voyage out.
Perhaps it is a true presentiment—
Perhaps it is that all our means are risked.
A bishop told me that in seven years
Would be the turn and crisis of my fate.
Seven years ago I first sailed from Rochelle.

André. I go in cheerful case, and so should you.
Rouse up! my Jean, and *va* presentiments!
A sluggish liver gives a jaundiced view;
Try some dry Xeres wine. I will return.

Exit André. Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Our Leader scarcely seems himself to-day.

Rob. (moodily). I comprehend how men grow querulous,
Peevish, and carping as the years go on
With a succession of dull petty cares.
For me, to-day, I feel unlike myself,
Just in the mood a man asks usury,
And sells his debtor up without remorse.
Of late I have been tired and jaded out
By keeping tally like a commissary.
Biscuit and beef have been upon my brain,
And I've tapped casks like any woodpecker;
Have dealt in clothing, like the Wandering Jew,
Moses, the son of Aaron, and so on;

Docquets and clearing-oaths have irritated
Till I have longed to sack the custom-house.
I want fresh air, I want the smell of sea,
The lip-lap of the water in the calm,
The racing of the bracing waves in storm;
I want my foot upon an oaken floor,
With but an inch between me and the brine.

(Enter Officers and Gentlemen).

(*Cheerily*). Gentlemen Adventurers, give me your hands!
Ho! for New France. So gaily all a-feather!
That's right! We are a goodly company,
Scions of the best blood that France can show.
If heaven speed, earth will yet ring with our names.
All is in readiness—the sails unbraced,
The sailors all have answered to the roll.
We drop past Oleron Island with the ebb;
Four hours hence we will see the last of France.
And if for evermore,—well, be it so.
God speed our enterprise,—
Man's fate is moulded by an unseen Power
Greater than he. (*Cannon heard.*) The gun! let us on
board.

Going. Passepartout heard singing without.

Jacques of the Bois donned Sunday suit,
Took in his fist a stout vine root,
And made his way to monarch's court,
Where mighty Lords and Kings resort.

Growled out the Chancellor, gruff and old,
"Those peasantry are growing bold;
Who's that, there, in the buckled shoes?"
Replied the valet, "Pray excuse
Me, for, God wot,
I know him not."

Just then the King passed, grand and fine,
With four-and-twenty Lords in line,
"Ohé! my subject, leal and dear,"
Cried he, "tell truth, what brings you here?
You have, I trust, for cash no lust,
For, foy de moy,
My purse holds not one sol turnoy,
But I can knock you down with sword
And bid you rise again—a Lord!"

Quoth Jacques, "My Christian Sire and King,
 I would not think of such a thing;
 No cash from thy lean purse I lack,
 And, foy de Jacques,
 I'd rather not be Lord or Knight."
 "That's right,"

The King said —

Gent. This knave of yours keeps up a merry heart.

Rob. We all have need of merry hearts, my friend.

They embark.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Mid-Atlantic. Deck of flagship. Roberval asleep.*

Enter Shade of Francis I.

Out of the limbo where repentant souls
 Do expiate the deeds unthinkingly,
 Or of set malice in the body done,
 I am permitted to revisit thee
 And bring a warning from the shadow-land.
 Great doings yet will be for Canada,
 Greater than even I and thou had planned,
 But not by thee nor in thy time be done.

Jean Roberval,

Join thy own name with mine in orisons,
 For in brief time hence thou wilt be with me.

Shade of Francis sinks.

Enter Shade of John Verazzano.

Robber! the noble lands I found for France,
 Which thou would'st steal, are France's, and not thine.

Verazzano sinks.

Shade of Bayard enters.

Friend in my lifetime, gallant Roberval,
 Good sword at Mezieres and Sesia,
 Nor yet unloved although years have slid by
 And brought thee to thy mind's maturity,

* Roberval had known personally all the personages whose ghosts appear.

While my grave restful is in Dauphiné,
 Bethink thee well a knightly faith once pledged
 To France and King is irrefragible,
 And country seized from pride or rankling slight
 Is but a brigand's haunt. Smirch not thy faith.

Bayard sinks.

Enter Shade of the Constable de Bourbon.

Brave Picard, I, too, had endured affront
 And slights from the injustice of a king;
 I, too, had planned a kingdom of mine own.
 In one hour more my kingdom had been reared,—
 A hundred days and stable had been throne;
 But in the middle manhood of my life
 Fate came to spoil my well-considered aim,
 Slain by a base mechanic's random shaft,
 Sped from the almost escaladed wall
 Of that Rome I had meant for capital.
 First galled by wrong, then goaded by ambition,
 Which urged me further than my first intent,
 I ranged myself among my country's foes,
 Demeaned my house and stabbed with deadly wounds
 The loving bosom of my mother France.
 My sole reward is history's obloquy,—
 In life distrust, in death the name of traitor.
 Take lesson from the fate of Bourbonnais.

Bourbon sinks.

Enter Shade of Bonnivet.

Jean Roque, there is a Queen we both have loved,
 Whose eyes would drip to see the honor stained
 Of him on whom her brother leaned his faith.

Bonnivet sinks. Simulacra of Marguerite of Navarre in robes of mourning, with a Bearnese cap, rises and passes. Broken pictures of places in Picardy and elsewhere come and go. Phantasmagoria glide past, grotesquely reproducing incidents in the death of Ohnawa.

Ghosts of victims of war rise and flit confusedly.

Woe to the victors! woe!

Skipper. Aloft there! reef topsheet, — Cheerily O!

(Flapping of sail and rattling of blocks and cordage).

Roberval (awakes, panting).

At sea! asleep,—the long waves quiet heaving!
Then have I been in the weird land of dreams.
Methought that friends long dead and sepulchred
Were here and spoke to me, and perturbed shades
Rose up like rising smoke wreaths, crying "woe!"

Skipper. Excellency, the breeze stiffens. If it hold
Within a point or two as now it blows,
Our voyage will be brief and prosperous.

Rob. Be it—by favor of sweet Mary Mother,
Star of the Sea. (*Aside.*) Evil dreams avaunt!
Yet, can it be? Do dead men come when sleep
Prostrates the body and relieves the soul
From the gross fetters of its organism?
The vision was most vivid. Francis, king;
John, the sailor; stainless Pierre Terrail;
Charles, of Bourbon, constable and traitor;
Bonnivet, the dissolute admiral, too.
What do they want with me? I like them not.
Let them walk through their purifying fires
And talk no more with me. My pitch is low,
My nerves unstrung. Be thyself, Roberval.

Ship sails on.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Off the coast of Newfoundland. Long seas rolling in after a storm. Mermaids singing.

A gallant fleet sailed out to sea
With the pennons streaming merrily.
On the hulls the tempest lit,
And the great ships split
In the gale,
And the foaming fierce sea-horses
Hurled the fragments in their forces
To the ocean deeps,
Where the kraken sleeps,
And the whale.

The men are in the ledges' clefts,
Dead, but with motion of living guise
Their bodies are rocking there,
Monstrous sea-fish and efts
Stare at them with glassy eyes
As their limbs are stirred and their hair.

Moan, O sea!
O death at once and the grave,
And sorrow in passing, O cruel wave!
Let the resonant sea-caves ring,
And the sorrowful surges sing,
For the dead men rest but restlessly.

We do keep account of them
And sing an ocean requiem
For the brave.



on.

Mer-

THE EMIGRATION
OF THE
FAIRIES.



THEIR EMIGRATION.

'Twas in a sweet nook of the English coast—
It is not now so many years ago—
Where of a Grand Hotel was ne'er a ghost,
Nor of machines for bathing never a one,
But yellow sands lay slanting to the sun
And grew to golden as the day grew done.

The merry wavelets swift came running up
Beribboned with a narrow fringe of cream,
Then raced away as from a canted cup,
While all along the wetted margin-seam,
Like to a rapid fire of gusty joke,
In puffs of glowing prism the bubbles broke.

The upper plates of fragile sea-brought shells,
Like tiny tazzas filled with dips of lymph,
Flecked the gay sands, minute oasis wells,
Each one a tub-bath for a tinier nymph,
While small white molluscs, like Carrara domes,
Of hermit crabs and mite fays were the homes.

The hugest marine monsters of that shore
Were launces lithe and lean, with silvery scales,
Four inches long (which in the silex bore,
Or, swimming snake-like, undulate their tails),
And so ferocious seemed, so glib and gleaming,
They made the shore-fays scuttle off a-screaming.

The largest game were sandpipers, whose feet,
In dancing step, stamped deltas on the sand,
The little creatures, so genteel and fleet,
Hopped a long running race or saraband,
With perky gestures picking up their food—
A comic trait in that sweet solitude.

No obscene raven sought the water-line
To gorge on flotsam, for no ghastly wrack
Came drifting in; no slimy tangles' twine,
Nor odious bladder-weeds, that wilt and crack,
Nor glutinous fibres twined in curling forms,
Like dead men's hair that had been drowned in storms.

The only jetsam was red clover heads,
Or wild rose petals that lewd eastern gales,
In rude wind-play, had ravished from their beds,
And rosy shells like women's finger nails,
And willow pollen, for nought ere unclean
Along high water mark was ever seen.

Within the inner bend the wash was still,
Or gently restless, but, beyond, the lap
Of waves heaved, each a running ridge of hill
That momentary showed its flashing cap,
For 'bout a mile off lay—the chart deponing—
A harbour bar, although it did no moaning.

'Twas said that now and then a nautilus
Had been observed to hoist his purple sail
And put out oars, as if to ferry thus
A passenger or budget of the mail,
And I believe it, for along that coast
'Twas well known that the Fairies had their host.

A cable's length or two at sea there flew
The restless murre, in floating rings, like hawks
At lesser height, yet still so high, the blue
Softened to mur-mur their harsh strident skwauks,
Which, apropos of nothing, overhead
They gaddled garrulously about and said.

Afar at sea, where is the gannet's bath,
The white sails slid, like pageants, to and fro
Upon some definite but trackless path;
While now and then, with faint-heard throb, would go
Some long low ship of steam, black like a coffin,
With a long trail of smoke out in the offing.

The north horn of the bay — a giant head,
Was a tall headland of primeval schist
That broke the northern breezes as they sped
And checked and rolled up the land-drifting mist;
The other horn of the half-moon did trend
Down to the sunny south, without an end.

The strip of yellow sand that made the beach
Was backed by a broad stretch of pleasant downs
Of blended colors, far as eye could reach,
As nature paints: greens, purples, russet browns,
And white tree-blossoms set in tid-bit scenes,
And full of gentle dells and small ravines.

Where rose the land the highest on the left
A rift had worn, at some time long ago,
From watershed, till, deep down in the cleft,
A saucy brook of no great width did flow,
And on the sea-marge did its best to make
A slight expansion might be called a lake.

Between the sea and lakelet lay a fall
Some two feet high, a jewel-bright cascade,
That sung, for wantonness, rhyme, trill and call,
And day and night a pleasant concert made,
For chime of tinkling waterdrops in ringing
Made orchestra complete when birds were singing.

Within the lakelet lay a floating isle
Or eyot, of a rood or two, round-edged
And lying low like float upon the Nile,
And it, wherever most the pond was sledged
With waterlilies, anchored most, — the story
Is it had been a peaty promontory,

'Neath which the brook laid cunning water mines
And screwed hydraulic jacks, till, riven up,
The buoyant floor of matted old-time pines
Rose like a bubble or a lotus cup,
And imperceptibly, without a wake,
It drifted back and forth around the lake.

The sheep had nibbled till the turf was short
Of the smooth banks that sloped down to the brim
Of the round lake, which lay down in a sort
Of cone, with margin velvety and trim,
Baptismal font, or punch-bowl, if you will,
Set in a sward all pied with daffodil.

The waters in this demi-bowl or cup
Changed as does mercury in the weather tube:
When rain fell heavily, the bowl filled up,
And when the droughty sky was dry and rube,
Fell till the yellow gravel-bed was visible,
And fishes flapped in manner quaint and risible.

Oft the belated fairies of the beach,
O'ertaken when the dark too soon came down,
Would skirr along, the floating isle to reach,
And there would each one wrap up in her gown
And slumber snug and sweet, as bird in nest,
Within their island bower on the lake's breast.

For on the base of peat and rotted stems
Was fertile soil, where shady sweet shrubs grew,
And fringe of wildflowers round the thicket's hems,
And carpet of short grass of emerald hue,
Where rest was wooed by the isle's rocking motion
And lulled by hush-a-bye of mother ocean.

But on a time when 'twas expected least—
One eve, above the sea a sable band
Of watery clouds piled, darkening all the east,
And spreading dense and grey o'er all the land,
Whence dropped, at first, Scotch mist, then sprinkling mizzle,
Which quick augmented into downright drizzle.

Soon outpoured rather water-sheets than rain,
That fell with heavy swish into the lake
And made a hissing when it struck the main,
A new Noachian deluge seemed to break,
And the vexed waters from the lake's swollen face
Ran rushing o'er the ledge-fall like a race.

The fairies waked up in their mossy beds
And wondered what this watery war might mean;
Then with their wings more closely hid their heads
Beneath their water-tight pent-roof of green,
And tried to take another snooze till morning
Till they should see sunrise the scene adorning.

But sudden, savage, in resistless swoop,
The mad wind Eurus, shrilling angry shrieks,
Burst from the east with wild and maniac whoop,
Blowing his breath as he would crack his cheeks,
And—plunging right before the blast—ah me!
The floating isle was carried out to sea!

AT SEA.

STRAIGHT out to sea! upon the ebbing wash
Of a receding wave the light isle slid
With little motion (on the rollers' dash
Aught could have ridden as it buoyant did),
Till sudden caught 'mid the resistless forces
Of the fierce gallop of the white sea-horses.

The shock woke up all hands, and, rudely tossed,
The fairies clung together sore affrighted,
For darkness hid the land that they had lost,
Though shoreward they could see a pharos lighted,
One of those red round eyes that faithful urges
"Beware!" to mariners across the surges.

After long tossing like a dancing feather
Among the wicked foam crests of the breakers,
Whose crash was—(nastiest of dirty weather)—
Enough to crush the ribs of tall three-deckers,
A strong gust swooped upon the isle and caught her
And swept her out beyond the broken water.

There, pitching, rolling, plunging, eke and spinning,
Like a teetotal, or a Norway sloop
Caught in a maelstroëm with the eddies grinning
Their white teeth, the poor fairies on the poop
Gasped short with fear and clasped each other tight
As on they drifted in the lighthouse light.

The red light died, and still the waves rushed by
In dire Cimmerian and Neptunian strife,
For dense there lay alike on wave and sky
Slab blackness one could slice up with a knife,
From out of which their boomed unceasingly
The awful turmoil of the angry sea.

Through the slow creeping hours of dark the swish
Of the seas sweeping by was very eerie,
And when great flakes of foam, like gleaming fish,
Leaped up, the fairies, wet and faint and weary,
Gave up, and as each lurch their terror heightened,
They crouched together, mazed and sad and frightened.

It seemed as if it never would be day—
How many prayers were for the rising sun !
But when day broke 'twas all one steely grey,
And of a glimpse of sunlight there was none,
For all was as if seen through spiders' web,
While like a race before them ran the ebb.

It blew a three days' howling eastern gale ;
O thou long-winded Eurus, how it sped !
And meant to keep on blowing, nor to fail,
Until one might discover overhead
A patch of blue (so jack-tar sky-lore teaches),
To make a Hollander a pair of breeches.

When down in the sea-trough the raft subsided,
As to the bottom of a watery pit,
It seemed as from all sides the waters glided
As from a centre, and that not a bit
Of progress made they, rising up and sinking,
But not at all advancing, to their thinking.

They could not see their island move; they thought
The waves that bore them were but rushing by;
Succeeding day and night no changes brought
In the horizon's ring; the selfsame sky
Upon them darkly frowned—all seemed unchanged,
And changelessness inexorable reigned.

Not knowing contrary, they feared that ever
Their raft might wallow on the restless breast
Of cruel ocean, and that never, never
With life remaining could they be at rest.
Despair came, as to tourists in the Channel,
Who call for death, and brandy and hot flannel.

They called for none of these, but crept below
The thickest of the thicket and there burrowed,
While all around graves yawned amid the flow
As if great Neptune's plough the sea-field furrowed;
And, as they crouched there, words could not express
The sense of their exceeding loneliness.

The thing became monotonously dull,
Till from monotony faint hope revived;
The bolder spirits, in some transient lull,
To move upon the green deck bravely strived,
Till ere three days, as if they trod on eggs,
Some few of them had got their weather legs.

This gave the rest encouragement. A saint
Must loud have laughed to see their anxious faces,
It was so very comical and quaint
Their way of tottering round with staggering paces,
As if astride a visionary saddle,
And walking, as do sailormen, astraddle.

The while, though seeming still, they scudded fast
About as many knots as runs a clipper,
Their thicket served as sails upon a mast,
And 'twas a voyage that required no skipper.
Before the gale their buoyant craft was hurled
Due west, as Colon went, to find a world.

I've frequent thought that it is quite a pity
Life does not last for, say, five thousand years
(I mean these words for truth and not for witty),
'Twould take that time to see half that appears
Of the Infinite Love and Beauty that surround us—
But then it is a fleeting life that bounds us.

Man's earliest years are taken up with trifles,
His middle time is slave to divers fashions,
And not till age, remorse, or what not, rifles
His brain of prejudice and heart of passions,
At brightest shines his purer mental spark,
Then, sudden, out the lamp! and all is dark.

These thoughts are apropos how our wrecked fairies
Thought sometimes how their stomachs might be filled,
For though as easy fed as are canaries,
Beneath their belts that worm that *won't* be stilled,
Called Hunger, hinted to them sundry dishes,
If even 'twere a fry of flying fishes.

'Twas fortunate for them their appetites
Were not at all the kind possessed by gluttons,
Demanding meringues and marinities,
With poultry fricassees, and roasted muttons,
Nor even what seamen deem as things of course,
Hard weevilled biscuit and soft salted horse.

Manna was given them; for though salt the air
And nipping with the salts of flying spray,
Nature's alembic, with alchemy rare,
Distilled and filled their leaf-cups day by day
With fresh sweet dew, nutrition strong and mild,
For Nature ne'er neglects her slightest child.

Some nights were clear and looked down cruel bright,
No sympathy within the starry eyes,
But a cold, baleful, taunting, mocking light,
Till one who had been studying the skies
Cried, after noting the horizon bars,
"See, brothers, see! these are not the same stars!"

After that, as the Arabian shepherds gazed,
They nightly marked the heavenly bodies' places
And noticed how the sea had erased
Orb after orb, and that the planet's traces
Were to less orbits circling, proving,
Where'er their isle was going, it was moving.

They judged this by the lower nightly range
Of bold Orion, for his belt lights are
A guide to altitude and other changes
With reference to the changeless polar star,
And to that star in Charles' wain, *sans* shift,
Once waggoner that gave the Christ a lift.

One evening when the gale had blown its best
And calm had settled on the troubled sky,
There was a tinge of ruby in the west,
As if the morrow would be warm and dry —
The first real burst of sunshine in my story,
For the sun rose up in a gleam of glory.

Then the sea fell. The hectic of the sky
Grew balmy mild, with ambient tints of rose,
And till the shut of eve light clouds slid by,
Throwing great breadths of shadow; the repose
Was almost languor, sunny was the clime,
And so for days it was a lazy time.

Fond memories came to them. Their hearts are warm
With strong attachment to locality;
So in their gentle slumbers would the charm
Of home make them forget they were at sea,
And the great rushing of the waves would seem
The humming of the land brooks in their dream.

To their closed eyes the wide sea seemed a field
Or rolling plain of grass of olive green;
They deemed the distant vapour wreaths concealed
The well-loved features where their haunts had been,
Or seemed but the dim outline of the woods
Or tops of low hills in their morning hoods.

I guess the yarn told to the wedding guest
By Coleridge's ancient marinere
Caused the said guest to cry, "May I be blest
If such a story I did ever hear!"
Yet strange guess-tales fall often from the lips
Of those who go down to the sea in ships.

For instance, once — it was in early dawn —
Our fairies had a terrible alarm,
For near the raft uprose a thing of brawn,
A monstrous, scaley, black and shiny arm,
Then many more arms, then a ghastly creature
Swum up and stared at them with horrid feature.

This was a poulp. Its wicked gleaming eyes
Struck the fays with extremity of terror,
For all believed that truly in this guise
Had come the devil (which was not an error),
To this sea-devil's tricks you'll find a key
In Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea."

Another time our voyagers grew pale,
And that their end had come they never doubted,
For close beside them a huge Greenland whale
Heaved up its mighty body-bulk and spouted;
They thought it was an island with a fountain,
And magnified its size into a mountain.

And, one more time, a snake a furlong long,
A maned and knobby python of the sea,
Swum past; but, halting, coiled in spirals strong,
And reared above them like a thick bent tree,
Then dived and splashed, nor could they in the least
Guess the intentions of the monstrous beast.

One other morning, in the twilight cold,
And drifting right before them to the west,
They saw a strong box, barnacled and old,
That looked as 'twere some shipwrecked seaman's chest,
And might have been, although one thoughtless mocker
Asserted it was Davie Jones, his locker.

On crispy nights, from out of cloud there loomed
Broad sheets of silver, rose and pale green tinges,
Through which a stream of fiery arrows flumed
In flame that softened off to quivering fringes,
As in their antic djereed play came forth
The merry dances of the polar north.

Another time the sultry summer sheen
Piled up the clouds in one of ocean's changes,
And lo! a stately transformation scene,—
The still sea circled round by mountain ranges!
Like a vast lake among the Rhætian alps,
What time the rose-snow lies upon their scalps.

One midnight, as the moon rose soft, serene.
Music came softly stealing o'er the brine,
And caused the fays to marvel what could mean
From out the sea to come a voice so fine,
Such melancholy tone of feeling bringing?
The fact is that it was a mermaid singing.

One day bore down on them a hill of light,
An alp of crystal, pinnaced and towered,
A berg of ice of purest dazzling white,
With points all diamond-glittering, caved, and bowered,
A mountain island in its lone weird glory,
With many a shining cape and promontory.

Its summit reached the clouds, its crystal hue
Unbroken save one dark spot in a rift,
What that might be none of the fairies knew
(A dead man, or a polar bear adrift);
Majestically grand the berg, untossed,
Slow drifted southward stealthy as a ghost.

How many dead are hidden in the womb
Of thy engulphing and remorseless waves,
O sea! at once the murderer and tomb;
If all thy victims came from out thy caves
And shipped as deck-hands, they would much too much man
That weird old galleon called the Flying Dutchman—

A ship that I believe in, for I know
A ten-gun brig of France to-day that cruises
In the St. Lawrence Gulf, but long ago
Went down with all hands in the quicksands' oozes,
But oft comes up again 'twixt suns and suns
With all her gunners standing by their guns.

Ah! who can trust wind, wave—still less the two,
For one night, in a sky of copper yellow
The sun set lurid, the waves took the cue,
And all the winds of heaven began to bellow,
And sea-gods, meaning mischief, 'gan to snort
And toss their heads in wild Neptunian sport.

And, as the waves grew frolicsome and high,
A number of small birds around them came,
Never alighting, but would rapid fly
Along the mountain rollers, near and tame;
Some call them Stormy Peters, but one fairy
Thought they were chicks belonged to Mrs. Carey.

Sudden the long-pent threatened tempest burst
With discord, as if demon hosts were shrieking;
The powers of evil joyed to wreck their worst
And set old ocean like a caldron reeking
And writhing in the spasms fierce and frantic
Of a wild night storm in the mid-Atlantic.

Description fails. Suffice it here to tell
The buoyant fairy raft rode out the gale;
But *how*, amid that troubled watery hell,
It, or a Nautilus, should, under sail,
Float while ships sink, I really cannot say,
But float did it, and kept upon its way.

The stoutest war-boat ever built by hands
Is feeble at such time as floating chip,
The mite called Man plans, but the Sea commands:
Coward and brave alike in strongest ship
Fall prostrate, and acknowledge reverently
God of the elements in storm at sea.

And so our fairies' floating raft of peat
Rode out the storm where navies would have shattered,
It ran before the tempest light and fleet;
No damage, but the shrubs a good deal battered;
But our crew thought the lot of tinker, tailor,
Was preferable to the *role* of sailor.

Joy to the castaways! for came in view
A broad-beamed, homeward-bounden English craft,
That, till the gale blew out, was lying-to
With a small rag of mainsheet close-reefed aft;
Their quick eyes scanned her stern, and in the lull
They read her name—the "Bonny Lass of Hull."

Her skipper spied the raft, and thought to send
The second mate, with two hands, in the longboat,
But second thoughts induced him to amend
Lest he should find himself quite in the wrong boat;
He therefore merely entered in the log:
"Lon. 50.50, passed floating bog."

For some days our adventurous fairy crew
Had seen a change of color in the tide,
The seas were shorter, of a muddier hue,
And broke with greater wash and surf beside,
Because, in fact, they now had reached the gorges
Of the fish banks that fishers call the Georges.

A fog here shut them in, fog dense and dank,
Through which they heard men halloo and ply oars,
And once a sharp puff partly raised the bank,
When round them, lo! were fishing boats in scores
An instant seen, and one smart coddling-man
Cried he had seen a floating catamaran.

A few days more they drifted, ever west,
Where seabirds now would fly around and swim,
And the air freshened more, from which they guessed
Land near—indeed they saw its outlines dim
Lie low like smoke, till one elf at the prow
Sung out, "A stretch of land on the lee bow!"

A long low line of beach, with crest of trees,
With openings of rich verdure, emerald hued,
And as the string o' the tide and landward breeze
Wafted them nearer, in a thankful mood
They blessed the land and beach of ruddy brown,
And off the shore lay bobbing up and down.

Now this fair land was Epaygooyat * called,
An isle of golden grain and healthful clime,
With vast fish-teeming waters, ocean-walled,
The smallest Province of the Maritime.
Up on the beach the Fairies' Raft was cast,
And on Canadian land stuck hard and fast.

THEIR NEW HOME.

With what amazing, boundless, heartfelt joy
They leapt on shore! First, all hands to express
Their sense of ransom from the sea's annoy,
Joined in a Miriam's song of thankfulness,
Then formed in battle order on the strand
And marched into the bowels of the land.

This improvised invasion by our sprites
Was really picturesque, if one had seen them,
Like to howadjis gazing at the sights,
Or, rather, with their women folks between them,
With mirth and story trudging, joyous very,
Like Chaucer's pilgrims going to Canterbury.

Here many things were new and passing strange
To eyes familiarized to English scenes;
The skies were bluer, larger was the range
Of color, ruddier reds and brighter greens,
The skyline farther, longer was the trail,
And everything upon a larger scale.

* Prince Edward Island.

The trees grew thicker, rougher, taller-stemmed,
Set in a thicker copse of underwood,
The roads were narrower and with bushes hemmed,
The horizon line more well-defined and shrewd,
The land less under tilth, enclosures fewer,
And the whole aspect inchoate and newer.

First halt. They heard within a sugar patch
The rhyming tic-a-tac of axes chopping,
So scouts were sent ahead to try to catch
A glimpse of whom or what 'twas caused the lopping,
And bring back a description of the natives—
If they were cannibals, or friends, or caitiffs.

The scouts returned, and said where they had stole
They'd seen a score or so of stalwart creatures
In flannel shirts, not smock frocks; on the whole
They rather liked their friendly bearded features,
And that the first glance of these live Canadians
Impressed them favorably—(they were Acadians).

Then onward. Sudden on the horizon came
A burst of blaze, like to a town on fire,
While smoke in columns and fierce tongues of flame
Rose grandly heavenwards, high and high and higher—
They were so scared they went by with a rush,
And did not know 'twas choppers burning brush.

With feelings as on field of Waterloo,
They came upon a space of blackened stumps;
"Alas!" cried they, "here greenwood temples grew,
And columns, ruined now, have stood in clumps."
They thought that war had here wiped out a nation
And left this ghastly scene of desolation.

They reached a scaffold frame beside a weir,
With criss-cross beams and rafters gaunt and slewed,
And in it agonizing screams could hear,
And saw a whirling fiend devouring wood—
It was a sawmill—and, too feared for speech,
They skirred away beyond the monster's reach.

It pleased them much to see the birds about,
And one boy cried, "A robin! big as thrush!
Ma, can that be Cock Robin grown so stout?"
Whereon his mother, with her thoughts a-rush
With English memories, said (and checked a sob in),
"My dear, that is a fowl, and not a robin."

They saw woodpeckers hanging by the toes,
Blue jay they thought was a professional beauty;
They looked for rooks, but only lit on crows,
Whose only link with rooks is both are sooty;
And as to linnets, finches, and those others,
They looked on them in light of little brothers.

At length they reached a log hut in a clearing,
The habitation of a pioneer,
And broke off when they were the house a-nearing,
That through the settler's window they might peer
To see the inside of the habitation,
And learn some traits and habits of the nation.

They saw a strong-built mother boiling porridge,
All in a chamber somewhat bare but neat
(The goodman with his gun had gone to forage,
While the goodwife kept home alive and feat),
And, helping her, six barefoot little spartans,
All clad in homespun grey instead of tartans.

Then one of our most grizzled, shrewd, and wise
Old elfmen said: "Lads! look you here, and find out
The worth of health, strength, will, and enterprise,
For in such life as this you will see lined out
The elements of a strong, healthy State—
This is a nation destined to be great."

When through the farmer's window they were poking
They noticed something that amused them much;
It was that in no grate no coals were smoking,
Nor porcelain stove, as used among the Dutch,
But fire of wood, such as the hearthstone ruddies
With faces in the fire and back-log studies.

The water-well was not with moss o'ergrown,
Nor oaken bucket floated in its deep,
But 'stead of wheel there was a chunk of stone
Appended to a young fir as a sweep,
On principle of Archimedes' lever ;
Yet the device was clumsier than clever.

Another thing they noticed between whiles
Failed not their curiosity to catch,
The which was houses roofed with wooden tiles
Instead of comfortable wheaten thatch,
And much they marvelled if the fireside ingles
Could be kept warm beneath these roofs of shingles.

They, above all things, missed the hawthorn hedges,
And cottages with ivy-trellised gables,
And rows of beehives resting on the ledges,
And neat gates leading to the fields and stables —
And grieved the unæsthetical pretenses
That farmers plead for building zigzag fences.

A number of strange other things they noted
As quite unlike what they had seen at home,
To all of which they curiously devoted
Attention as a gentle hill they clomb,
Where on them burst a true Colonial scene
Of wood and meadow land of living green.

Between two brooks, both running diamond-bright,
A mile apart, there rose a flat-topped mound,
So low the acclivity was very slight
And suitable to form a camping ground ;
Fair grass fields, too, and interspersed with these
Were groves and scattered clumps of standing trees.

Behind the fields, with outline brave and bold,
Besprent with many a tint of greenerie,
There stood a great belt of the forest old,
Whose topmost sprays aye rippled like a sea
To every breath of wind that that way strayed,
And a soft susurrus of whisper made.

Within the woods were winding woodland paths
Made long ago by devious Indian trails,
And now kept light and open by the maths
Of short sweet grasses and the autumn swales
Of fallen forest leaves, that showered adown
And spread a foot-mat, crimson, green, and brown.

On one point of the landscape, where the brake
Was cut away, was seen a still fiord
That, backed by farms, lay looking like a lake
Embedded between verdant banks, and shored
By a smooth narrow ribbon of firm sands,
Where fairies well might trip and there take hands.

It was, in truth, a quiet shady place,
A nook apart from traffic's toil and moil;
Nor fair nor market, but unbroken face
Of lush green pastures on a fertile soil,
Well clothed with wealth of woods, by nature's bounty,
And known as HERNEWOOD all throughout the county;

For the blue herons there would build their nests
High up on the tall tops of withered pines,
And sit there with their bills upon their breasts,
Or on one leg erect would stand in lines,
Fishing along the inlet's marish sedges,
Like sculptured ibises on old Nile's edges.

The fairies much approved the meads so green,
But yet they missed the daisies and primroses,
Though thyme and violets and herbs unseen
Sent a most grateful perfume to their noses,
And all the ground was dotted with white stars
Of bird-berry blooms and yellow butter-jars.

In short, 'twas just the spot for fairy raids,
With shifting points of view and ample space,
With cloistered avenues and sheltered shades,
Not yet infested by the human race,
But lying in the bosom of the woods
And full alike of fields and solitudes.

Which, when our pilgrims saw, with wild delight
They cried "Eureka! we have found it now!
Here are new meads, new woods, new brooks of light,
A Home as fair as our old haunts, we trow,
And" (as in Indian tongue it is expressed),
"Here, ala-ba-ma, we set up our rest."

Then, without title or search of archives,
Or warrant in the leaves of dooms-day book,
They swarmed about, as bees about their hives,
And made themselves at home in every nook,
And without deed of gift or formal cession
Then and there forthwith entered on possession.

They pitched their camp without ere more ado,
And made their minds up never more to roam,
A genial, jocund, rollic, happy crew,
Who, after perils past, had found a home.
They *were* at home — but, not to mince such matters,
To all intents and purposes were squatters.

It happened luckily the place was not
Reserved by Government, nor was it fit
To sell as building lots, but was a spot
Belonged to one who loved (and lived on) it,
A man who, with a harmless eccentricity,
In a rude country life sought his felicity.

So that, so far from sending for a bailiff,
Or for a clergyman to exorcise them,
He (like Haroun al Raschid, the good caliph),
Sat down to ponder how he could devise them
In shape of a small permanent annuity,
The lands they'd squatted on, in perpetuity.

Therefore he framed some rules for his dependents,
A sort of autocratic moral law,
Binding upon himself and his descendants
That, under pain of dog-whip, hoof nor claw
Nor boy should trespass on the fairies' spot,
And all men who disturbed them should be shot.

Under this guiding and paternal care
The Fairy Folks have grown and multiplied,
And in their New Home, wilder, not less fair
Than their old English haunt, they now abide,
And have resumed their frolicsome old habits—
As lithe as squirrels and as smug as rabbits.

So that 'tis not uncommon now to see,
On quiet, restful nights, at full o' the moon,
When all things are outlined so charmingly,
In the chaste splendor of the night's white noon,
And light and shade the May-flowered moss besmirches,
Fairy processions 'mong the white-stemmed birches

Or, on soft summer days, among the branches,
To find them on the bending leaf-sprays swinging,
Or hunting butterflies across the ranches,
Or beating tambourines, and small bells ringing,
In lively rigadon reels gaily dancing,
With their white cymars in the sunlight glancing ;

Or on the faint and mellow autumn eves,
Wading knee-deep in aftermath of clover,
Or playing hide and seek among the sheaves,
Or blindman's buff, and rolling o'er and over,
Or on the orchard fence, with jigs and grapples,
All busily engaged in stealing apples.

When some old friend can spare a long day out,
In my old woods to chat of days ago,
And when he asks, "Who plays like Colin Clout,
That piped so merrilie was never none?"
And vows he hears the sound of pipes and tabors;
I tell my startled guest "*'Tis my Good Neighbors.*"

Thus have I told the true tale, as I find
Writ in our annals, how the fairy folks,
Unwitting driven by fate— Fate is *not* blind—
Now dance 'neath maples 'stead of English oaks,
And how, obeying Colonization's law,
The genial Fairies came to Canada.

THE
TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY.

A ROMAUNT.

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY.

SIR PALLINOR was faithless. Prince Godefroy
Himself had given him knightly accolade,
And in the chapel royal at Paris,
The archepiscopal of Arles had read
And chaunters from Avignon's quire had sung.
Isotte, the fairest maid of Dauphiné,
Had hasped his brooch and clasped his mantle on,
And little Oriaut, with her silky hands,
Had featly buckled golden spur on heel,
And Prince Godefroy had charged him: "Go, good lance,
Among the faithful be, Knight Pallinor!"
And Pallinor had bowed his tri-plumed head,
And, mounting his brown steed, had rode away.

But Pallinor was faithless. As the bee
That sees no flower but that it lists to sip
In very wantonness its sweetliness,
He ne'er saw maid but that he loved her well,
Or to his mind the fancy seemed he did —
And whom he loved he vaunted under shield
In joust joyous or stricken field of arms,
For braver knight ne'er buckled harness on,
And, unto men, none faithfuller than he;
But in the lists, when heralds made acclaim,
And knights rode out, men looked upon his crest
And said, "This knight's love hath her colors green;"
But, ere the day was done, among his plumes
A brodered sleeve of bluest azure streamed,
And men said, "Nay, his love is blue, not green."
And yet anon around his burnished helm
Would a blanche favor float like a white cloud,
And men would gibe: "This knight's love keeps not green,
And his blue sky of love is under cloud."

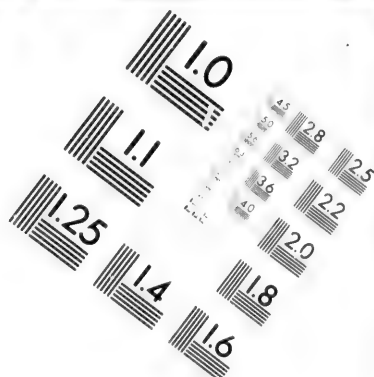
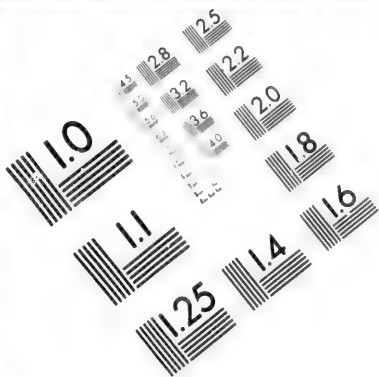
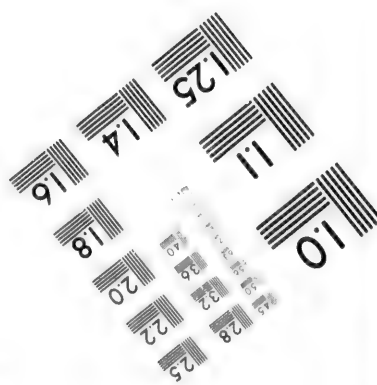
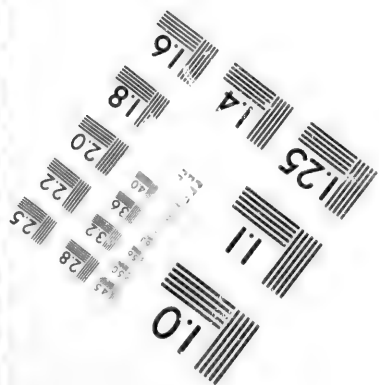
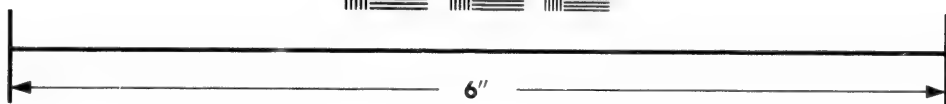
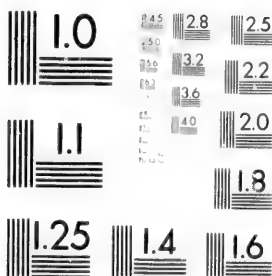


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Yet each fair maid whose colors that he wore
Deemed she was lovedest and believed in him,
For he had that bad gift, a glozing tongue
Of gallant nothings and sweet sugared words
That promise little yet imply so much ;
So that, when time passed and he rode away,
His course, like to a meteor's of the air,
Was followed by a plaintive wind of sighs.

Ill rode behind him ; for once on a day,
When journeying, squireless, by a great wood's edge,
That made a boundary to a champaign land,
And thinking not of those who thought of him,
But careless, singing, wending in and out
Among the sentinel outlying trees,
Along a track so lone and little used,
His steed's hoofs crushed the lemon-thyme and fern,
A band of robber caitiffs set on him,
As buzzards on a tercil ; beat him down,
And, with their gross thief instincts all aflame,
Despoiled him of his gypsire and his arms,
And by his slain steed and the thieves he slew
Left him prone on the trampled turf for dead.

Just then the one child of a sorcerer,
Who dwelt anear, came on her palfrey by,
A sparhawk on her fist, and at her heels
A dun dwarf, who was set to wait on her ;
For this girl-child was barely woman grown,
And faëry fair as sorcerers' daughters are,
And from the great wood's heart, where dwelt her sire,
Would, as a butterfly from shady place,
Come out to preen herself in open sun.
She had been taught the leech's crafty skill,
And knew white magic ; and she, seeing him
Thus stricken down and fallen like an oak,
Looked carefully, and deemed the life in him ;
Then spoke with fingers to the tongueless dwarf,
Who, barrel-built, and with bullock's neck,
Muscular limbed as is a Uri bull,

Heaved up the corpse-stiff, heavy-armored knight,
As feather-light, and bore him to her bower.

Long time he lay 'twixt death and consciousness,
While low the flicker of his life, and faint
As phosphorescent wandering will-o'-wisp
That settles on the corpses of slain men;
But life's lamp crescent grew, for, being fed
With shrewd alchemicals and spirit-oils,
The light waxed brillianter and steadier
Till the look on his face grew rational;
Yet long he lay, a figure on a bed,
Without volition, save he strove to raise
His heavy lids, but found them leaded down,
So that but flickering, curt, fantastical,
Like sunbeams shimmered from a water glass,
Were the surroundings that he thought he saw;
Yet was he conscious of one shapeless shape,
In a loose formless robe that flowed adown
And hid the wearer, for, when e'er he spied,
It hovered near or by his pillow sate,
Like to death's angel waiting for his soul,
Until his light delirium passed away,
And he took notice that it tended him
With kindly offices, and when, sometimes,
He opened wide his heavy-lidded eyes,
It seemed as he saw waiting bowermaids
And a dwarf watching by the door of hall.
Thus grew he slowly convalescent man,
And saw more clearly; then it was he knew
The hands that tended him were woman's hands,
And very soft and velvety; the voice
That sometimes spoke from out the sable hood
Had woman's intonation, soft and low,
And to his mind it came that she was young;
That she was kind he knew, and might be fair,
And then the fountain of his gratitude
Brimmed up and up until it bubbled o'er.
At long and length, when he had stronger grown,

M

The figure in the black robe spoke to him :
" Sir Knight, now thou art on the road to life,
Do the fair courtesy to tell thy name."
Then said the knight, " Men call me Pallinor."
" *The Faithless !*" said the figure, quietly.
Whereon a vision of his past passed by
With lightning quickness, and he answered her,
Soul-stricken : " Nay, if so, I know it not —
That name bewrayeth me ; for One would find
Me faithful as a tried and trusty steel,
If Thou wert She, for, maid, I love thee well."

Then for a little space both silent were,
And might be seen the fringes on her hood
Vibrate as with quick breath, and the glass jets
That hasped her mantle coruscations threw,
As if the bosom underneath were stirred.
And then the Knight : " Now of thy courtesy,
Good maiden, lift a space thy shrouding veil."

After a little while the maid spake low :
" Thou lov'st fair ladies — I am black as char,
And when thou see'st will pledge no faith with me."
" Nay !" cried the knight ; " I love thee, maid, *par fay !*
And twice, and thrice, I swear it by my fay,
An' thou wert black as sooty Sathan's dam —
And now that I have pledged my plight to thee,
I pray thee, gentle donzelle, draw thy veil."
Then humbly said the maiden, " Be it so,"
And with a little motion of the hand
Undid the pin and let the curtain fall
That showed a youthful face, but dusk as Ind ;
Then with a little sigh responded he :
" Donzelle, thy face is dusky as the night,
But in that night thine eyes are as the stars ;
Yet have I sworn to love thee day and night,
And once again I swear it, knightly fay !"

So was the wooing done ; and when again
Sir Pallinor was hale and hearty man,

He claimed the maid, and when her mystic sire,
Who knew the secrets of the C. A. B. A. L. A.,
Abracadabra, and the Cross of Rose,
Had given assent, they sought an anchorite
To weld the chain; and then, light swung a-croup
The dun bride with her husband rode away.

Now, gentles! it beseemeth this is true:
Who feedeth but on honey sateth soon,
So ere few moons had passed it fared but ill
With married Pallinor at Argenteuil.
A weariness fell on him—he would roam
Out on the moorland wastes with no crossbow,
Or in the vaulted arches of the tower,
Where his hounds, sleeping, dreamed of venerie,
Would pat his steed, but took him not from stall;
Or, restlessly would whistle to his hawk,
And cast her off with hood and jesses on,
So that unflown at on the weedy mere
The mallard fearless swum, and the blue herne
Stood like an image on the mossgrown stone;
Or in the hall he would unsheathe his brand,
And, glancing at the blade from point to heel,
Would hang it on the antlers on the wall;
Or poise his lance, then lean its slender shaft
Beside his burnished armour listlessly.
Till, seeing him thus listless on a day
His dame brought to him sword and jousting cap,
And thus spake to him as he sat and mused:
“My Pallinor! thy black bride wearies thee;
Go forth into the world as thou wert wont
And an’ thou tirest come again to me.”
Then did the knight, half-guiltily surprised,
With one long searching look into her eyes,
Let his own fall, and answered, “Let it be.”
On which the dame said: “Ere thou leavest me
Accord this fancy: Here be seven rings,
Of diamond, topaz, ruby, amethyst,
Emerald, and sapphire, and chalcedonie,

Each with the legend, '*Courtesy, not love,*'
Should in thy wanderings any fair donzelle
Accord thee loyal hospitality;
And here be seven more of curious gold,
Fined in the royal mines of Ispahan,
With prisoned sunlight in them from the land
Where Magians once gave worship to the sun,
And on each ring is carven '*Gage d' amor;*'
And these I'll ask thou'lt give me not again,
Nor do I seek to know what comes of them."
So with his purse of rings Knight Pallinor
Made his embraces to his dusky bride
And gaily mounting steed he rode away.

Now whether it were magic art were wrought
I know no more than knew Sir Pallinor;
But he, who knew the country leagues around,
Found that the landscape's features changed, and soon
"Christ save us!" cried he, "I have lost my way."
The farther wended he more strange it grew,
Till lost amid a heaped-up mountain range,
Through whose deep cleavage ran a lonesome glen,
Where stunted trees grew bristly and prick-eared
Like gnarled old men; and as he moved full slow,
Leading his scared steed by the bridle rein
Along the knee-deep, mossy no-path path
Into the weird woods' heart, he stood a space
To listen in the silence; all was still
Save growl of water running underground,
Till shrill and sudden from the deepest gloom,
Where tree-trunks made a low, squat, vaulted cave
With blackness in it, rung a woman's wail
That piteous cried "Help! Pallinor! help Me!"
Quickly unsheathing steel and dropping rein
He plunged into the dark, and groped till 'ware
Of a white woman lying on the ground,
With hair dishevelled and with bosom bare,
Whom, drawing to the light, he lightly seized
Round her lithe waist and set her on his selle,

Then, vaulting up before, he bade her clasp
Tightly, with locking hands, and tell her tale.
The while they journeyed on the which she did,
With many small checked sobs and winning ways,
With raisings, full of warmth, of sky-blue eyes,
And lettings of the long silk lashes down,
And pressings of her heart against his arm :
How that from a lone castle she had fled
Where she was held and treated like a child,
And in the weird wood's wild had lost her way,
Feeding on groundsel berries white and red,
Till, hearing some one speaking to his steed,
Something impelled to call him Pallinor.

Long wended they in pleasant converse thus
Till, coming to an opening in the wood,
A lonely drawbridged keep before them rose,
Where, drawing rein, he set the maiden down
And questioned : "Donzelle, where lies now thy way ?"
Then answered she : "Fair knight, thy way is mine ;
Thou found'st me and I fain would go with thee."
On which he from his gypsire took a ring
Of sapphire, and said : "Maid, that cannot be.
Here is a gem the color of thine eyes,
Prithee accept it of thy courtesy."
Then turning westward rode upon his way,
Nor looked back if the maid were shamed or no.

As he advanced apace the wood grew tall
With frequent opens, and his horse's hoofs
Stepped on the lengthening shadows of the trees,
Till with a chilly air the night went down,
When, seeing near, beneath an ancient oak
With gnarly stem, the embers of a fire,
He heaped with branches till they came aflame,
And by the pleasant warmth lay down and slept ;
But lightly waking, in a great amaze,
He saw the figure bending over him

Of a young maiden in a goatherd's garb,
Who beaming said: "Fair sir! this fire is mine;"
Then, lying down by him, leaned on her arm
And with her fine eyes curious gazed on him.
Thereby for pleasant hours conversed these tway —
He in his humor half disdainfully
Touching the silken tangles of her hair,
Or smoothing the brown arches of her brows,
Or spanning her round arms in silly play,
Toying in shepherd style of gallantry;
She prattling in such winning, artless way,
All of herself and country things, he thought:
"This maid is all too good to tend brute goats —
If that a man were dull, her artlessness
Would soothe him more than better company."
Then as the night waned, and the evening star
Had dipped into the ground, he took her head
Fast by the curls and laid it on his sleeve,
Kissed her between the eyes and bade her sleep.
When sunlight lit upon their eyelids, he
Would have unlocked her hands, but that she cried:
"Nay, nay, dear man, I will not let thee go!
Stay with me, for I would remember thee."
Whereon with gentle force he rose and placed
Upon the longest finger of her hand
A ring of the grape-colored amethyst,
And coldly said, departing on his way:
"Sweet child, forget all but thy courtesy."

The dew was on the grass, and his hoof-tracks
Were impressed on the dew like arrowheads,
And as he cantered, lirting cheerily,
Along the woodland pathway, he was 'ware
There rode a grey nun in a wimpled hood,
That switched a sorry palfrey, ambling slow.
Wherefor he checked his pace, and, bowing grave,
He said: "A fair good morrow, sister, thine
Are early orisons" — whereon they fell
Into a pleasant converse as they rode,

And he took note how lovely was the nun ;
Her low, white brow was broad, with banded hair,
Like the Madonna's hair of ruddy brown,
But with a wavy rimple in't ; her brows
Were dark and narrow, and a warm wet mouth
Talked with a convent lisp demure and small,
And when she raised her lids the hazel eyes
Were very sunshiny, although not oft
Their mirthfulness broke out into a smile.
But, though a holy maid, she strangely seemed
To know the world, at least as to its sins,
And Pallinor—who knew the world—saw soon
Seductive sinner gleaming through the saint—
Than which hath Satan no more tempting lure.
At length before them rose a convent wall.
"Fair sir," said she, and as she spoke she threw
Cat's glances from the corners of her eyes,
"I hate the convent life, and fain would see
The world thou tell'st of, and will go with thee,
And I will be to thee or wife or page ;"
To which he: "Sister, I am married wight,
My wife is brown and freckled like a toad,
But, by my knighthood, she sufficeth me,
Nor have I need of either wife or page."
Then reaching for her hand he added more :
"St. Anthony be my speed ! I like thee not,
Yet pray thee to accept in courtesy
This ring of ever-living emerald,
And wear it thou, or give it to thy saint."
Then silent. When, a space, he looked again
Where by his side she rode, no nun was there !
But in the wood he heard a mocking laugh,
Whereon, amazed, he crossed himself, and cried :
"By Holy Paul, there is some glamour here !"
And clapping spur to steed he pricked away.

So journeyed on till rose the yellow moon
With her round, full, bright face of harvest light,
And waited on by her attendant star,

Till cried he: "Sure I am beside myself,
And must have travelled on for many days,
For this is Africa, and these are palms,
If that they be not trees of faëry" —
For he had ridden into a great grove
Of strange trees unbelike to all he knew,
With jointed, smooth stems, hundred fathoms high,*
And from each joint shot forth two sword-shaped leaves
All ribbed and veined, and on each far point hung
A glittering diamond bigger than a man,
And on the summit of each pointed stalk
Grew bushels of ripe fruit all fended round
With a thick frize of awns as long as spears,
While all the time the supple polished stems
Bended like whips and fanned the pleasant air,
And underneath, on the elastic turf,
Grew giant flowers with honey in their wells
And petals that might shade a company —
Or on slight, wavy, rosy, arching sprays
Hung floral bluebells large as cupolas,
And in and out among the dusk of leaves
Flew moths with lanterns, and vast shadowy flies
That threw the light in flakes from off their wings.
As, marvelling much, he reined up under tree,
A point of call on mellow horn was blown,
And trooping came a goodly company,
With, at their heels, a crowd of capering boys,
Hairy, with little horns and feet of goats,
Forming a rough fringe to the silken train.
Then thought the knight: "This is some salvage court,
And this small, perfect beauty is their queen."

For never in a palace of the earth,
Nor e'en in faëry court of Florizel,
Were seen such maids of honor, or so fair,

*The good knight must have had his vision adjusted to the microscopic range of the creatures who live in the grass, to whose stature a stem of wheat is proportionate to hundred fathoms high. Their little world of a foot square of sod must exhibit to them a similar landscape to that seen by Sir Pallinor.

And of all types of loveliness, 'yclad
In scanty web of thinnest gossamer
That showed their round limbs as they moved along.
These did obeisance to their lovely queen.
She, slight, ethereal, but most queenly queen,
Of stature less than buxom, and her robes
Like theirs transparent, shimmering all with gems,
And on her head a crown of seven stars;
Her women, circling, led her to her bower
And set her on a mossy rustic throne;
Then, signing to the knight, he made approach,
And, coming to her presence, louted low;
Whereon the lovely queen made much of him,
While round and round the dancers spun in whirls,
And to the music sung a love refrain
Rhyming to "*Live with me and be my love,*"
And thus they passed away the pleasant hours.
Till said the queen: "Fair knight, come live with us
And be our Prince. But answered he: "Not so;
My wife is dun and freckled like a toad,
But she is kind, and full sufficeth me—
Yet ere I go, fair Queen of Wonderland!—
Although 'tis but a bauble for a queen—
Here is a diamond in whose living heart
A star is prisoned, and, most beauteous dame,
I pray accept it of thy courtesy."
With that he laid the gem upon her lap,
A flickering prism; but quick she took it up
And threw it to the momes with cloven feet,
Who, rushing, chucked and kicked it back and forth
Among themselves as if they played at ball,
The while a courtly ripple of light laugh
Ran round the circle of the cherry lips.
At which the wroth knight put hot spur to steed
And rode at speed forth—no one letting him,
Until he reached a lonesome grassy vale
Flanked by a scaur, in which a holy man
With his own hands had dug himself a cell,

Who, hearing the knight's tale, cried hastily :
"St. Betsy ! thou hast been among the elves."

Here stayed he with the ghostly man a time ;
And every morn, as rose the blessed sun,
Came to the cave a woman penitent,
But guarded — for a misbegotten dwarf
Aye followed close behind her as she came,
Leading three spotted leopards in a leash,
Upon whose collars were engraved their names :
Love, Hate, and Jealousy ; the lady fair
Signed to the knight till she got speech of him,
And piteous said : "A rescue ! good sir knight ;
My father is a prince in Guelderland,
I captive, woe is me ! though yet a maid."
More told she him how that the hideous dwarf
Had stolen her for his leman, and in thrall
Kept her, nor would of ransom ; whereupon,
Moved by her touching tale, the knight upsprung
And with a flashing sweep of brand 'y clove
The misbegotten keeper to the chin,
On whom the beasts then fell and ravened him,
And, having licked his blood till all was clean,
Retreated with low growlings to the wood.
On this the lovely lady stooped on knee
And prayed him : "Let me go, brave knight, with thee !"
Then came a cunning thought and whispered him :
"It might be well to own this peerless dame,
For Guelderland is fertile and grows grain."
But from his mind he dashed the trader-wile,
As all unworthy of a knight, and said :
"Princess ! I may not lead thee thus estray,
Another woman hath a lien on me ;
Here rest thee with this ancient holy man —
But, that thou may'st not all forget me soon,
Here is a ruby, ruddy as the cloud
That liest nearest to the rising sun ;
Accept it, pray thee, of thy courtesy."
Then safe commending her to saintly care,

He whistled for his steed, that came at call,
And slowly wended he adown the vale.

Day grew till noon, when o'er the green champaign,
All forestless, there rose as from a sea
An isle of ancient lime-trees, creamy-tipped
With hyacinthine spikes of honey bells,
All blossoming and haunted by the bees,
That made a kind of drowsy melody
Winding in different notes their tiny horns;
Here seeing none, and deeming this was but
Some place of pleasance for the summer time,
He loosed his steed and sought where he might rest
An hour or tway in shadow from the sun.
When lo! where drowsiest droned the humming bees,
And trees grew thickest and the blossoms flung
Most sleepy scents, before his sight arose
A brave pavilion, round, and reared in air,
And curtained all with crimson tapestry.
Then lifted he the veil, and stepping in
Stood turned to stone in his astonishment;
For in a ring-round room of marble stems,
Twisted like vines or writhing necks of snakes,
Beneath an airy dome of filagree,
Were many robeless maidens at their toile —
Some tired their hair in bands, some smoothed adown
Their dripping tresses rippling to the knee,
Or drew the white shirt o'er their whiter arms,
Or stood beneath the drip of fountains' mouths
Of quaint device that bubbled out in rain,
While in the centre rose a scallop shell,
Marble of faint blush hue, in which was one
That seemed the Queen, light, lithe, and buoyant-limbed,
Who, in the curved lips of the shining shell,
A lily in her bath of fragrancy,
Lay floating — a white splendour.

Then the knight,
With faltering tongue that stammered as he spoke:

"Par foy! methinks I do some trespass here,
Which heaven hinder;" whereon, graceful leaning
Upon her floating, crimson pillow, she,
The Lady of the Bath, said sweetly: "Nay,
This is the Garden of all Love Delights;
Stay with us, brave and gentle stranger, stay,
Nor seek a-field for further adventure."
But all abashed the knight cast down his eyes
And mused a little space, then took two rings,
One of the gem and one of curious gold,
And thought the question: "Which one shall it be?"
Till at the length he said: "O Lady mine!
Most ravishingly beautiful, more fair
Than minstrels from the clime of orient sun,
Tell of the queen that lives among the lilies,
To whom all night the loving lovebirds sing;
Such heaven of bliss not bliss of mine may be,
But yet I pray thee of thy courtesy
Accept this ring of topaz, in whose heart
Burn red and yellow embers — look on it,
And think it is my heart almost aflame,
But ask no reason why no more may be."
Then, raising up the curtain, he passed through
Out of the temple, in among the limes,
And thence along the sloping grassy dales,
Much picturing to his fancy love delights,
But saying soft: "No, no, it might not be."

Ere long the dell grew wild and many-coved,
Taking the features of a mountain glen,
Down which the brook, no more a mirror, flowed,
But leaped and fretted in the cloven rifts,
Making a sullen murmur 'mong the stones,
Which, as he followed up towards its source,
It led him to a hill of difficulty
All seamed and riven, with landslips and dens
Where stunted pines hung grasping with their roots,
And plats of quaking bog beset the way,
Where the black newts swum wriggling, and the efts

Among the bulrush spears sat up and stared.
With a great castle was the steep hill crowned,
Grey lichened, ruin-touched, and thunder-scarred,
With wall embattled and eight towers of brass
That glowed with a dull light of red and green ;
But Pallinor, nought fearing, to the wall
Rode up, and stoutly blew the strangers' horn,
At which a knave the wicket slid, and said :
"Enter! thou'rt waited for;" whereon the knight,
Dismounting, followed up the turret stair.
There at the head of a long board, upon
An oaken settle raised upon a dais,
A giant five ells tall there sate, and plied
A dagger-knife as long as a sword-blade,
With which he hungry sliced the boar and brawn,
While by his elbow, reaming o'er, there stood
A bushel-measure mug of humming ale,
Which ever and anon he swigged full free ;
Beside him sate a lady beautiful,
Who cast sweet glances at the stranger guest,
Causing him in his hidden mind to say :
"This gracious dame is like the pomegranate,
A bud of sweetness in a ragged bush."
By her the knight sate, treated honorably,
While in rude revelry below the salt
Were knave and varlet, each in his degree,
And buxom strapping wenches and men's wives.
The banquet o'er, the giant with his child
Led the guest forth to a withdrawing room,
And thus addressed him : "Know, thou stranger knight,
My winsome daughter came of age to-day,
And, when a child, a fairy godmother
Did prophecy that on her woman's day
A knight should come to mate her — thou art he !
Nor is she portionless : but hath for dower
The land thou from this hilltop see'st, as far
As in two hours a long-winged hawk can fly,
Or o'er which in a day a hound may run ;
And 'tis as a Jew's gypsire, rich and warm

With ruddy copper and crisp manganite,
Lodestone and argal, and red jasper stones,
Lurking in sandy veins of porphyry;
And in the forest is a fount of life
That whoso drinks thereof straightway is young;
With this a blush of grapes and mulberries,
Thickets all golden-balled with oranges,
And olives ripening into flasks of oil;
Herself thou see'st—a winsome thing enow,
And, faith! for thee I think her something fain—
Take her or leave her!" As he spoke, the maid
Looked blushing up, expectant of her fate.
Sir Pallinor with courtesy made reply:
"Most doughty Geaunt, my stout Lord Barðn,
And sweet of sweetest dames, it may not be ——"
More had he said, but that the giant sprung
And with a knotted club beat down the brand
That Pallinor, as swift, defensive drew,
Then, with the strength of twenty runyon men,
He seized the baffled and maze-stricken knight
And swung him like a kitten by the nape,
And, opening a floor-trapdoor, dropped him in,
Then closed the hasp and took away the key.

How long he lay the knight knew not, for all
Was dark as sin and Sathan—but had time
To think of his own home in Argenteuil,
Where his young wife, though dun, was kind to him,
And to the zither sang his slumber songs,
Or played with him and spiced his clary wine.
Now had he vowed a vow, but ere 'twas framed
Some creature came and plucked him by the sleeve,
And, heaving back a pivot-turning stone,
Led the knight out once more beneath the moon.
Then did the varlet who had set him free
Place in his hand a riband written on
With small, light cyphers that expressed: "Loved knight,
Send me some token that thou lovest me,
And I will fly with thee;" whereon the knight

Drew forth his last ring, the chalcedony,
With its cold legend, "Courtesy, not Love,"
And in the riband wrapping it, he gave
Into the varlet's palm, and saying thus,
"This for thy ladie," rode adown the hill,
Until, ere long, the grey presaged the dawn,
Then, musing on his adventures, he took
The road he deemed would lead to Argenteuil.

There strode he into hall, and his dun bride,
Up from her tambour rising, smiled on him,
And he: "Here be your rings of gold again,
The seven gemmed I gave for courtesy."
Which, as he said, she clasped him round the neck,
And, piping-voiced, cried: "Pallinor! help *Me!*"
"My wife is black and freckled like a toad!"
"Wear it thyself, or give it to thy Saint!"
"Although it be a bauble for a Queen!"
"Prithee, hath Ferracutus still the key?"
"Sweet child, forget all but thy courtesy!"
Next with a merry laugh and moon-round eyes:
"O Holy Paul! there is some glamour here!"
Then with both hands she took him by the hand
And gently led him to the fountain room,
Undid her zone and let her drapery fall,
And in the deep bath lightly leaping, flung
A showery splash of prisms water-drops—
Like a brown cygnet dived, and he could see
Beneath the water a bright silvery wake,
From out of which, all beautiful, emerged
Up to the surface buoyant, dun no more,
But radiant as the blush-white water-lily
That rises up receptive to the sun,
In wavy brilliance, a most perfect form,
As sweet as lily, and the once black bride,
Now lily, in her bath of fragrancy
Lay floating—a white splendour.

When robed again she took him to her bower,
And sitting on his knee, said: "Pallinor,

Here be the rings thou gav'st in courtesy,
The diamond, topaz, ruby, amethyst,
The emerald, sapphire, and chalcedonie,
And all those seven rings did'st thou give to ME!—
'Twas not for nought thou wed the sorcerer's child,
Although my magic is but white, not foul."
Whereon he, taking counsel with himself,
Half shamed, half vexed, yet wholly satisfied,
Made vow within himself to stray no more—
Nor did he, for throughout his honored life
Sir Pallinor the FAITHFUL was he called,
And on his tomb FIDELIS PALLINOR.



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